

PNG Kundu

JUNE 2021



**Papua New Guinea Association
of Australia Inc.**

www.pngaa.org



Land of the Unexpected: Papua New Guinea

Papua New Guinea is a land of tremendous contrasts—of smiling people, mad keen rugby players and followers, complex cultural dynamics and displays, singing that is out of this world, scenery that is gobsmackingly stunning, incredible artefacts, opportunities for adventurous activities and delicious tropical fruits—all in a terrain that is carved by steep slopes and jagged peaks of mountain ranges, interspersed by fertile valleys and over a dozen active volcanoes—and in a country that is Australia's nearest neighbour, four kilometres away and only a few footsteps from our doors.

PNGAA's new publication, with 100 large-format pages and over 200 colour photographs, covers many of the different facets of this amazing country—including a complex overview, public services, flora, fauna and the environment, industries, art, culture, sport, the diverse history, and some of those who helped to shape the country.

It also recognises Australia's important role in developing Papua New Guinea to become an independent nation—an achievement of which both countries should be proud.

We hope this new publication excites and entices you to learn more about this unique country, which truly is 'The Land of the Unexpected', and sales proceeds will be dedicated to fund-raising for a special PNGAA program in the upcoming year.

To learn how you can purchase your copy, please turn to the *Treasurer's Corner Order Form* at the end of this issue or visit the PNGAA Store on our website at www.pngaa.org/store

\$30.00 per copy
(+ \$7.00 postage within Australia)



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KUNDU is the *Tok Pisin* word for the hourglass-shaped drum that forms part of Papua New Guinea's Coat of Arms, and after which this journal is now named. The KUNDU has told fascinating stories for centuries, and through our PNGAA journal we will continue documenting history and the evolving special relationship between the two countries this association holds in its heart. Whilst *Tok Pisin* is one of the three official languages of PNG, please note that some authors still use the term *Pidgin* for *Tok Pisin*, and PNG KUNDU supports both terms.

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PNGAA Membership:

This is available to anyone with an interest in PNG. Members, who receive four quarterly issues of our journal per year, have access to all parts of the website, and are encouraged to explore and become actively involved with all aspects of the PNGAA. Please refer to the *Treasurer's Corner*, at the end of this issue, for more details. Application forms also are available from the Membership Officer at membership@pngaa.net or our website. For members receiving a printed copy of the journal, the address label shows the current status of your membership.

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PNGAA Collection: For all donations to this collection (photographs, diaries, publications, etc.), please contact Cheryl Marvell at collection@pngaa.net or 0438 635 132.

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Please send all contributions to:
editor@pngaa.net

Contribution guidelines are available on the website or by request from the editor



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Front Cover:
Kofure Girl in traditional
Tapa Dress, Tufi,
Oro Province,
Papua New Guinea

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COVID Has Not Been Kind to This Fine Association

Yes, there are really positive things happening behind the scenes, especially in collections. The gathering and storing of historical objects and artefacts, documents and photographs that chronicle the extraordinary shared relationship of PNG and Australia continues.

However, to explain my COVID reference: COVID restrictions have stopped our growth. Stopped us even replenishing our membership. The virus put a stop to many plans by the committee to hold events, which we felt would grow and diversify our membership.



Max Uechtritz

As well as organising PNGAA events, members of the Management Committee continue to network on your behalf, attending a wide range of events and activities, encouraging new members and possible partnerships to keep our association vital and viable. Featured here are reports and updates from the committee, other news of interest and a welcome to new members.

And, therefore, our relevance, our survival.

We had grand plans to stage big shared events ... with Sydney Wantoks for example. In the form of barbecues, preferably mumus, music and perhaps even a Pacific battle of the bands. Events to bring the generations together. Have some fun ... while at the same time growing awareness of what we do and why.

If not for COVID, we would also have held an historic meeting in Port Moresby. There are so many people in PNG itself with strong Australian connections: an Australian parent, an Australian schooling, Australian friends or just an interest in our country, our relationship, the region and the world. They just do not know enough about the PNGAA. As you all know, face-to-face is the vital communication currency in PNG. But we could not—and cannot—travel there.

You've heard me time and again refer to the need for this association to evolve and become more involved and entwined with the current PNG—while still honouring the past. Forgive me for repeating a quote from John F Kennedy:

History is a relentless master. It has no present, only the past rushing into the future. To try to hold fast is to be swept aside.

As I've said before: We (all) need to urgently and actively

engage and recruit our daughters and sons and our grandchildren. We need to pass the baton of history as it rushes into the future. We need to evolve and grow PNGAA, so that a proud history is not lost, and it becomes the basis for new history being created each and every day.

We also owe it to the former custodians of this proud association for their years and decades of selfless, volunteer work. We need to make sure the joint PNG–Australia history remains a part of the narrative of both countries.

This week, I sadly and reluctantly informed the committee that I would step down. My relentless—and growing—professional workload with Kundu Productions means I can no longer give the time they and the association deserve.

However, I have promised my ongoing support. I really want to help make the Port Moresby event happen. And I pledge to do that. I will continue writing about and making films on PNG. I will always be a supporter and advocate of this association. I look forward to returning to the committee one day.

Concluding, I want to thank everyone on the committee for their selfless dedication, especially in these difficult times.

MAX UECHTRITZ, 1 May 2021
PNGAA President 2019–21



Chris Pearsall

From the Incoming President

The PNGAA relies on the voluntary efforts of its members to fulfil the roles of executive and general committee positions, and without the dedicated contributions of all committee members, the PNGAA would not exist.

At the recent AGM, held on Saturday, 1 May, there were committee positions unfilled due to lack of nominations. These gaps in our ranks leave serious holes in the team and, unless filled, will hamper our ability to drive new alliances, new initiatives and to continue to promote and expand the PNGAA.

I would urge any financial member who believes that they can contribute to the growth of our Association, to consider joining the committee and contributing to the future success of the PNGAA.

If you would like to clarify what is involved or to discuss any aspect of the committee's work, please feel free to contact me as follows:

Chris Pearsall: Mob.: 0410 530 502

E: chris.pearsall@bigpond.com

OR: admin@pngaa.net

Your involvement and participation will be warmly welcomed.

CHRIS PEARSALL

2021 PNGAA AGM

The minutes and reports from the 2021 AGM are available on the PNGAA website at https://pngaa.org/official_business/

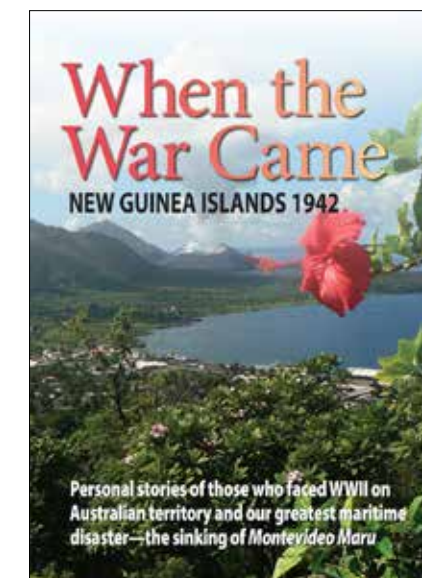
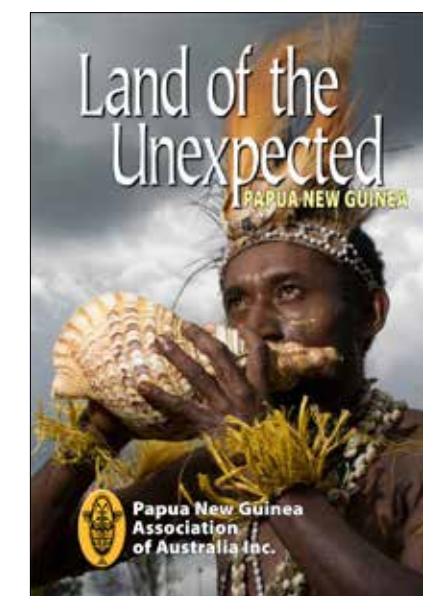
PNGAA Books

We are delighted to have a new publication, *Land of the Unexpected: Papua New Guinea*, available and, through the sales, we aim to fund-raise for a PNG project in the 2021 year—details are being resolved as we print and will be announced soon.

An earlier version of this book was initiated by members of the PNGAA for the CWA's launch seminar on PNG, their 'country of focus'. It has since been added to considerably with both information and photos, and is an outstanding new publication of 100 large-format pages and over 200 colour photographs to highlight the amazing country of PNG.

It also recognises Australia's important role in developing PNG to become an independent nation—an achievement of which both countries should be proud.

Originally intended as a computer-generated e-book for our members, due to the un-



precedented number of requests for a 'real' book—as many members don't have computer access—we have made the decision to have it printed as a stand-alone book. But, unfortunately, we will no longer be able to offer it at no charge.

Please do support the PNGAA and our fund-raiser by purchasing copies for yourself, your family, and for other people with whom you might like to share our story, e.g. perhaps a local school—we know it is a publication to be browsed and enjoyed by all (*see the Inside Front Cover of this issue*).

And, of course, we also have *When the War Came: New Guinea Islands 1942*, published in 2017 to commemorate the 75th Anniversary of the Fall of Rabaul and the sinking of MS *Montevideo Maru*, Australia's greatest maritime disaster. It tells the stories of the civilian and military men, women and children caught in the leadup and aftermath of the Japanese invasion and occupation of the New Guinea Islands in 1942.

The books are available for purchase using the *Treasurer's Corner Order Form* at the end of this issue or on our website:

www.pngaa.org/store



Sara Turner

Events Co-ordinator's Report, 2021

I began in this role to give back in some way to Papua New Guinea (PNG). To be a part of the PNGAA Committee was an opportunity to achieve this aim. However, knowing some of the members but, most particularly, the president of the day, Andrea Williams from Court Street Primary A School, Rabaul—it wasn't too difficult.

When I started it was difficult to learn what the membership wanted. So, I just tried a few ideas, picked up what I came across and did the best I could.

The event that has grown

most successfully has been the opportunity for women of PNG to share their experiences. The event that took a great deal of time and effort was the Book Expo. It was a well-rounded project and I was pleased with the multiple offerings. However, it wasn't supported for a variety of reasons.

Andrea has been the most marvellous support in learning the role. Andrea has had to cope with me and all my peculiarities. All the Committee members have assisted my growth into the role in one way or another.

A special thanks goes to Murrough and Joy Benson for their practical and continuous support at all events. I don't think people realise just how much time and dedication is involved in all that the Committee does for PNGAA.

A warm and sincere thanks to all of you during my time as Events Co-ordinator.

My huge thank you to all the Area Events Co-ordinators, for continuing or commencing in their roles during my time. The decentralising idea has been



PNG Kundu Copy Deadline

Please make sure you send your contributions and submissions by the Copy Deadline, listed on the first page of this issue. Contributors' Guidelines are available on the website or by request from the editor on editor@pngaa.net

important in providing events closer to home for many of our members.

I am most appreciative of Cheryl Marvell, who has assisted my transition to leaving the role. It has been great to complete the majority of the events I had started to organise. The new ideas being brought to the Committee will make the role easier.

Networking with various other groups on events and projects has been beneficial and enjoyable. So, I do encourage another person to join the Committee and offer their skills and experience.

Overall, I am most content with my contributions since 2017.

Ol lain bilong mi, oli nambawan tru. Oli halipim mi long gutpela wok. Bung wantaim na hamamas olsem yumi ol wantok. Tenkyu tru!

Having had Roger by my side every step of the way, attempting to steady my high-flying dreams to what could be achieved and supporting me in the practical aspect of the role has been a blessing, at most times for both of us.

Both my sisters were supportive. Lisa was always willing to listen to my thoughts, ideas, disappointments and her suggestions will always be appreciated. What can I say for all the book sales and the little extras like the lavender posies that Jane organised? To see their faces as the event had to be pulled together on the day, always lifted my heart. Nigel and Monique, Lija and Winstone, Shan, Zion and Ruby thank you all for attending, singing, selling raffle tickets, helping to set up and knowing how important all this was to me.

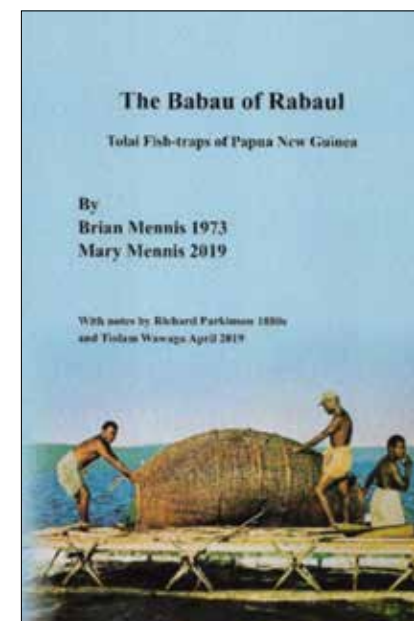
It has been a joy to get to find friends of old, meet new friends, know a little bit more about you and be of service to you all. Wishing you all health and continued togetherness in the Spirit of PNG.

SARA TURNER

Book Donation for PNGAA Collection

The author, Mary Mennis, has generously provided a copy of her book, *The Babau of Rabaul: Tolai Fish Traps of Papua New Guinea*, for addition to the PNGAA Collection.

The book is a detailed and well-illustrated account of the traditional fishing methods of



the Tolai people of New Britain. Collectively this system is known as *babau*. It includes descriptions of its components—the bamboo traps, nets and the platforms from which these were launched to gather a certain fish, *urup*. Originally these were all made from materials gathered in the bush and assembled at a special site, *matanoi*, near the beach.

The first descriptions of *babau* were by George Brown, the missionary who came to the area in 1975. Further descriptions of *babau* were recorded and photographs taken by Richard Parkinson, a planter and brother-in-law of Queen Emma.

Brian Mennis, who was Assistant Surveyor General of TPNG at the time, made a detailed study of the traditional fishing practice in 1973 and many of his photographs are included in this book (his Vale was published in *Una Voce*, December 2018).

The current adaptations of the system, especially as a consequence of 1994's volcanic eruption, were examined by Mary Mennis who re-visited Rabaul in 2019 and had a series of interviews

with Tolai people arranged by Tiolam Wawaga.

Published by: UPNG Press Port Moresby—Cost: \$35.00

Available from: Mary Mennis, MBE
Lalong Enterprises, 25 Riesling St,
Carseldine, 4034 QLD

PNGAA New Members

The PNGAA Committee welcomes the following new members:

Marie Andrews, Pascale Bonnemere, Bennie Clarke, Louise Darmody, David Doolan, Rhonda Forrest, Bill Fry, William Gill, Paul Greblo, Jan Grose, Karo Haltmeier, LeeAnne Katsaris, Robert Keown, Wayne Larcombe, Neil & Takie Murray, Bob Teerink, Don Walker & Jack Wall.

Farewell to a Great British Institution

On behalf of our members, the PNGAA extends our deepest sympathies and condolences to Her Majesty and the Royal Family on the death of Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh. Please turn to the back cover of this issue for our tribute.

Susie McGrade, from Rabaul Hotel, was in London at the time and laid flowers outside Buckingham Palace.

She wrote on Facebook:

I carried Rabaul on my shoulders, because I think he really did care for the Commonwealth and his friends in the Pacific! ♦



Susie McGrade laying flowers outside Buckingham Palace



Vale

ANDREW SHARP PEACOCK, AC
Chief Grand Companion of the Order of Logohu in Papua New Guinea

Andrew Peacock, a former leader and stalwart of the Australian Liberal Party, died in the United States on 16 April 2021, aged eighty-two. He has been remembered as a 'great Australian', and for his impact on Australia's foreign policy and international relations. Australian Prime Minister, Scott Morrison, said as the Minister for External Territories, Peacock built a close relationship with Michael Somare and was instrumental in gaining Australian acceptance for Papua New Guinea Independence. His bonds with Papua New Guinea were such that he visited PNG over fifty times in his career and, in honour of this work, in 2006 PNG awarded Andrew Peacock the Grand Companion of the Order of Logohu—making him an honorary chief.

In the September 2021 issue of *PNG Kundu*, to commemorate the forty-sixth anniversary of Papua New Guinea's Independence, we will be featuring a report from his ministerial memoir, *Papua New Guinea's Transition to Independence*, originally published in 1993.



❖SYDNEY

PNG Tales No. 2

Members and guests are invited to a lunch and talks given by the following speakers:

BOB LAWRENCE: 'Pacific Islands Monthly: historical perspective'

LESLEY WENGEMBO: 'Art Practice and Journey of a Contemporary PNG Artist'

Where: Hornsby RSL Club, 4 High Street, Hornsby

When: Sunday, 6 June 2021 at 11.00 am–3.00 pm

Public Transport: Train to Hornsby Station. RSL is five minutes away.

Parking: RSL Club and parking station beside club.

Entry: Inform desk that you are attending an event to have your ticket validated.



Gaze 2018—Lesley Wengembo

A listing of upcoming functions and events of interest to PNGAA members—if you have an activity to advertise or promote, please send the details by the Copy Deadline, 2 July 2021, to editor@pngaa.net

Disability access is available.

Luncheon: \$40 pp, includes lunch & some drinks. CASH BAR ONLY. Please advise special dietary requirements at the time of booking.

Contact: Sara Turner 0401 138 246. Email: events@pngaa.net

Payment: Electronic transfer BSB 062 009; Acc. No. 0090 7724.

Please notify treasurer@pngaa.net when payment is made.

Please Note: the gathering will be subject to the COVID-19 restrictions applicable in NSW.

PNG History talks

PNGAA member, Donald Denoon, has advised that the Pyrmont History Group is hosting two talks about Papua New Guinea.

DAVE WILKINS: 'Patrols into the Stone Age'
Sunday, 20 June 2021, 5 pm.

DONALD DENOON: 'Whitlam's Roles in Papua New Guinea'
Sunday, 18 July 2021, 5 pm.

Where: Jacksons Landing Station, 58 Bowman Street, Pyrmont.

Cost: These events are free for everyone with an interest in history and people. At present up to 50 people can attend. The talks are recorded and available, later, on the following website: <https://pyrmonthistory.net.au/sunday-talks>

❖BRISBANE

Annual PNGAA Brisbane Lunch 2021

Where: The Ship Inn, South Bank Parklands, Brisbane

When: Sunday, 25 July 2021 at 11.30 am–3.00 pm

Cost: Food and drinks at own expense.

Booking: at Facebook page or this website <https://www.trybooking.com/BQXVG>

RSVP: 21 July 2021.

Donation: \$10.00 when booking requested by PNGAA to help fund ongoing projects.

Entry Conditions: The Ship Inn will still require the guests to all sign in using the QR code (please check that you have all downloaded the *Check In Queensland App*).

❖GOLD COAST

Gold Coast PNG Club

Luncheon:

Noon, Sunday, 20 June 2021

Independence Day Luncheon:

Noon, Saturday, 19 September 2021

Christmas Luncheon:

Noon, Sunday, 28 November 2021

Where: Southport Golf Club, Slatyer Avenue, Southport

Contact: Heather Kingston hkingston@live.com.au/0412 999 999 or Ru Taylor prr7@live.com.au/0418521285

RSVP: Five business days before scheduled date.

Special note: After registering, lunch must be paid for whether you attend or not, unless notification of non-attendance is given five business days before the event.

Advance notice: The Gold Coast PNG Club is celebrating fifty years in June 2023 with planning underway for a *bikpela bung wantaim* to mark the occasion. Details will come out in the coming months.



Cairns Lunch, April 2021

Eighteen people attended this lunch and all enjoyed reminiscing of past days in PNG. No mention made of Chris Warrillow's eightieth birthday!

The attendees were: Alan Davey, Bob Welsh, Chris Warrillow, Deryck Thompson, Dympna Leonard, Geoff Hartnett, Lyall Forde, Graham King, Caroline Fountain, Hugh Miller, Jim and Any van der Kamp (and son Dillon), Martin Kerr and Anna Chu McGibbon, Rod Cantlay and Rod and Gini Donovan.

Deryck Thompson

Featured above: Deryck Thompson, Dympna Leonard and Lyall Forde (top); and Graham King, Caroline Fountain, Alan Davey and Gini Donovan (below)

Get Together at Rathmines

After more than a year of lockdown, isolation and social distancing many of our Hunter Valley members came together on 8 April 2021 for a social catch up.

Our events co-ordinator, Sara Turner, and Lake Macquarie



Rathmines Heritage Centre (Photo courtesy of City of Lake Macquarie)

Featuring reviews of events, festivals and reunions held throughout Australia and PNG—if you and your friends have been 'out & about' recently, please send your reviews and photographs by the Copy Deadline, 2 July 2021, to editor@pngaa.net

member Suellen Holland organised a tour of the Rathmines Heritage Centre followed by lunch at the historic Rathmines Bowling Club.

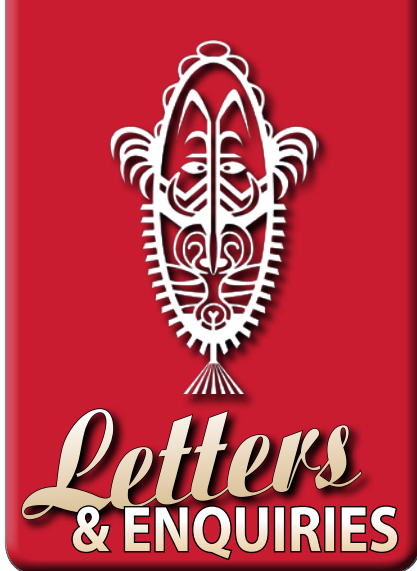
Our morning started with a visit to the (newly-opened) Rathmines Museum, which included a tour of World War II photographs taken by acclaimed photographer Max Dupain, followed by a walking tour of the old Rathmines (Catalina) Flying Boat Base.

The event was attended by twenty-seven members, many of whom had not seen friends for twelve months or more.

We give special thanks to our tour guides Jan Mitchell and Rebecca Dallwitz and to the Rathmines Bowling Club for a great lunch. We thank everybody who attended and hope to see you again very soon.

Lukim Yu, Suellen Holland, for Sara Turner, PNGAA Events Co-ordinator

**Out & About
WITH THE PNGAA**



Looking for a Heroine

I am working on a book and TV documentary project that has a missing link that one of your readers may be able to provide.

During the 1942–43 Battle of Buna-Gona in New Guinea, Australian Department of Information (DOI) combat cameraman, George Silk, a New Zealander, took a series of photographs that the department subsequently considered too graphic, and banned from publication.

Silk considered his shots the best he had ever taken—among them the now famous image of ‘Fuzzy Wuzzy Angel’ Raphael Oimbari helping blinded Private Dick Whittington along a bush track (pictured below).

Silk felt it vitally important that Australians, and the world, see how desperate the fighting in



Featuring commentaries about previously published articles and news items, along with opinions of interest to PNGAA members. Also included are enquiries from those who require assistance with their research or finding someone from the past. Please send your contributions by the Copy Deadline, 2 July 2021, to editor@pngaa.net

New Guinea was. So, he wine and dined a young lady from the DOI stationed in Port Moresby, and she agreed to covertly help him. She ordered prints of Silk's best shots from the lab in Sydney, and passed them onto Silk. He in turn passed the prints on to a *Life* magazine reporter who passed them onto *Life* photographer George Strock, who was returning to the US.

Strock had Silk's picture of Oimbari and Whittington published, full page, in *Life* in March, 1943. It cost Silk his job with the DOI, but he was quickly hired by *Life*, which used his photo as ammunition in a campaign to have the US War Department overturn its ban on publication of photos of dead and seriously wounded Americans. The campaign came to be backed by US President Franklin D Roosevelt, who considered the American public too complacent about the war.

As result, a photo taken by George Strock of three dead Americans on Buna Beach was published by *Life* in September, 1943, shocking America (pictured at right). In 2014 *Time* magazine called it the most influential photograph of World War II.

It probably would not have been published had George Silk's photo not paved the way. And that would not have happened



without the help of the young lady from the DOI. Do any of your readers know the identity of the anonymous heroine?

STEPHEN DANDO-COLLINS
Beaconsfield, Tasmania

Editor's Note: The author of this letter has asked that contact with him should be made through editor@pngaa.net

Finding Eve

I am writing to ask whether anyone among your readers has a contact with someone from Mt Hagen in PNG.

I went to boarding school with Eve Fox, who spent many school holidays on our property west of Rockhampton over a period of five years. Her brothers were attending boarding school with my brother and also came to us for several school holidays. This was from 1965 to 1969 so Eve was twelve to fifteen at that time. Her father was John Fox who lived at Korn Farm at Mt Hagen.

Sadly, I lost contact with Eve as I travelled a lot after I married and I guess she married too, but I did hear that she moved to Nauru.

Anyway, I will at some point check out births, deaths and marriages, which may give me a clue, but after looking at your old website and reading so many stories it inspired me to give you a try.

Thank you in anticipation.

CAROLYN HEALY
0419 742 727
carolynterryhealy@gmail.com

Birds of Paradise

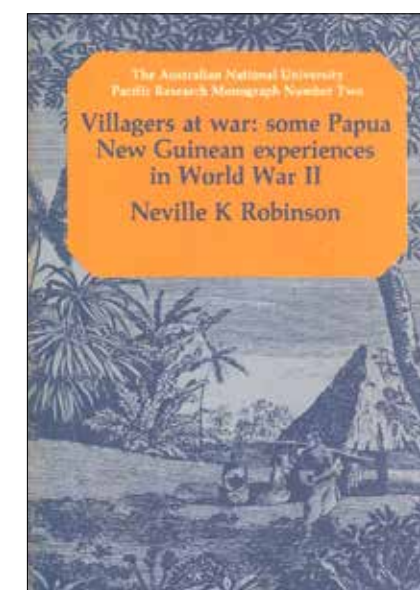
Peter Stace drew my attention to this [youtube](https://www.youtube.com/embed/REP4S0uqEOc) link. It is a story by Cornell University and National Geographic about birds of paradise, their behaviour and habitat. It is a quality production and well worth a look.

<https://www.youtube.com/embed/REP4S0uqEOc>

JOHN EGERTON, Editor

PNG Books

I have seen a range of books written about PNG in the journal over the last few years. I do not know if your readers are aware of the two books described below. I have a personal interest in them both.



The first is *Villagers at War: some Papua New Guinean experiences in World War 2*. I am the author. It was first published in 1979 by ANU then was republished in 2012 by UPNG Press.

The second book is *Meeting the Challenge: Australian teachers in Papua New Guinea pre-independence 1955–1975*. This book, edited by G Burke, has twenty-four stories by Australian teachers who worked in PNG pre-independence. I wrote one of those stories. This book was published by Copyright Publishing, Brisbane in 2005.

Secondhand copies of these

books are available online at www.abebooks.com at the time of writing.

My opinion is that it would be helpful for the Association to create an archive online of books about the relationship between Australia and PNG. It is possible one exists but I am not aware of it.

NEVILLE K ROBINSON

Seeking Photographs of Port Moresby


I am presently compiling a book on Port Moresby—its history, suburbs, iconic buildings, interesting characters and related topics and would be grateful for any old (i.e. before about 1970) photos of the city.

I have assembled quite a few pictures already, but it is always good to have a selection, particularly from early in the 20th century and just before and just after World War II, to demonstrate the transition of the town to the city that we have today. I prefer to have jpeg files.

I can be contacted on the email address below for any contributions.

JOHN BROOKSBANK
jwbrooksbank@gmail.com

Special Offer for PNGAA Members



NIUGINI ARABICA

When the founders of **Niugini Arabica Coffee** worked in Papua New Guinea, they fell in love with the coffee. They realised that nature has endowed Papua New Guinea with a terrific diversity in its landscape. There are wonderful tropical rainforests, extensive river systems, volcanoes, waterfalls, rugged highlands, pristine beaches and remarkable flora and fauna. The fertile highlands are home to the best coffee in the world.

Niugini Arabica specialises in roasting organic coffee beans from the mountains of PNG. Specialisation means that we have been able to fine tune our roasting techniques to extract the optimal flavours from what are already optimal beans. The result brings to the fore the superb complex flavoursome body that is intense, yet smooth and silky on the palette with chocolate-nutty undertones. Our roasting operations are in Port Moresby and in Canberra. **Niugini Arabica Coffee** is open to the public at our shopfront cafe in Duffy, Canberra.

To spread our love for Papua New Guinean coffee, we've partnered with the PNGAA. Visit our online shop at <https://www.niuginiarabica.com/> and use the discount code 'PNGAA10' to get 10% off any order.





Young People in the News

Two young people associated with Bush Dokta, Ishani Kaluthotage and Lavau Nalu, were recently selected to represent Australia and PNG respectively at the One Young World (OYW) conference in Munich in 2021. Bush Dokta addresses health inequalities of people in rural Papua New Guinea through connecting health workers in Australia and PNG to deliver appropriate health equipment and support.

Ishani Kaluthotage is a medical graduate currently completing her Masters of Public Health and Tropical Medicine in Australia. She has developed a strong relationship with PNG as a volunteer doctor and as a medical educator through Queensland Rural Medical



Ishani Kaluthotage

Featuring articles and news reports about contemporary Papua New Guinea—also included are the nation’s sporting achievements and events, and stories about young people doing interesting things—we encourage young people to become involved in PNGAA to ensure the strong ties formed between PNG and Australia continue into the future.

Education and Kiunga Hospital, Western Province. She represented Australia in the Lowy Institute’s Australia-PNG Emerging Leaders Dialogue in 2019 with the goal of strengthening the relationship between the two neighbouring countries. Her passion lies in health policy and minimising health inequalities in low resourced environments within the Indo-Pacific region.

There has been a transition from the leading causes of deaths in PNG previously being due to infectious diseases such as tuberculosis and malaria towards non-communicable diseases such as heart disease, stroke, COVID and diabetes.

As Bush Dokta’s Australian-Papua New Guinea Liaison Officer she hopes to help promote access to primary health care services in rural and remote areas, increase public awareness of the importance in minimising risk factors for non-communicable diseases and work with other healthcare workers towards achieving defined goals for the reduction of non-communicable diseases.

Lavau Nalu is a multi-disciplinary storyteller and a final year medical student at the University of Papua New Guinea, with a keen interest in Global Health, low resource Emergency Medicine and Digital media.

Recognised as a leader in the Pacific, Lavau has been involved in many health projects, selflessly devoting his time to improve health outcomes, previously working with Youth with a Mission (YWAM) Australia Medical Ships, Korobosea Medical Clinic and the Grass Skirt Project.

At present, Lavau works as a youth health educator and executive team member for the PNG Health Project, an organisation dedicated to improving health literacy amongst the youth of PNG. Simultaneously, he serves as the PNG-Australian Liaison and Cultural Advisor to the Bush Dokta Initiative Project Yumi, an Australian charity getting essential medical equipment to rural Papua New Guinea.

His interests in Global Health and exploring other cultures have seen him accepted for medical training in Australia, Vietnam and PNG—gaining a greater understanding of his fellow international health workers and affording him opportunities to join global panel discussions—having previously been invited as a delegate to the Australian National University, Asia Pacific Week and awarded the Leading the Pacific Scholarship to One Young World 2021 in Munich, Germany.

He was awarded a 2021 Kokoda Track Foundation Archers Leadership Award for his

work in public health in Papua New Guinea.

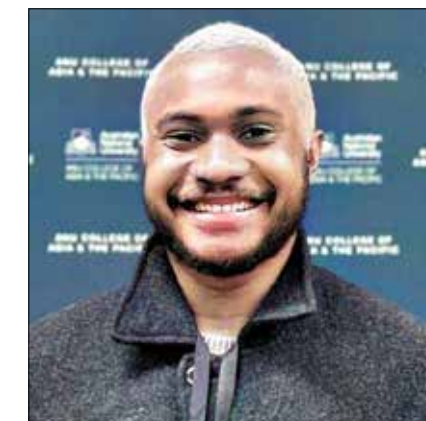
Beyond medicine, Lavau co-founded and curates *Archiveples*—a digital media project that renegotiates the visual narrative and external perception of Papua New Guinea, by documenting visual stories of PNG shared by Papua New Guineans themselves, navigating histories and false assumptions about PNG and the larger Melanesian community. He is currently an Associate Artist in digital storytelling at Talanoa.

Lavau has not only been selected to attend OYW 2021, but he has also been invited by pharmaceutical giant, Bristol Myers Squibb, to be part of their health delegation for the Summit.

Through OYW, he wants to tap into a global network of collaborators, hoping that this platform will allow for greater visibility of not only the struggles faced in Papua New Guinea but also to highlight the incredible work that organisations like Bush Dokta, PNG Health Project and others do—to fill the gaps in health provision in PNG.

Editor’s Note: Kundu thanks Mikaela Seymour, Co-Ordinator/ BushDokta—Project Yumi Initiative for biographical notes on these young people.

<http://projectyumi.org/bush-dokta>



Lavau Nalu



COVID and the Treaty Villages

Because of the worsening of the COVID outbreak in PNG the Australian Government has prohibited access of inhabitants of the Treaty villages into the Protected Zone, established by the Torres Strait Treaty between Australia and Papua New Guinea. This treaty was signed in December 1978 and became active in February 1985.

The main reason for the Protected Zone is to enable inhabitants to carry on their traditional way of life. For example, traditional people from both countries may move freely (without passports or visas) for fishing, trade and cultural activities within the Protected Zone. The formation of this zone has also helped to preserve and protect the land, sea and air of the Torres Strait, including the native plant and animal life.

Traditional inhabitants come from the coastal villages of Bula, Mari, Jarai, Tais, Buji/Ber, Sigabadaru, Mabadauan, Old Mawatta, Ture Ture, Kadawa, Katatai, Parama and Sui in PNG. These villages were named in the Treaty (see map above).

People from Sigabadaru, in the Western Province of Papua New Guinea, are our nearest neighbours. Like the people of Buji/Ber they need only a five-minute boat trip to get to either Saibai or Boigu. These two northern-most of the Torres Strait Islands have had long term traditional contact with Papua New Guineans. The COVID inspired prohibition order has made this contact illegal.

Some of the effects of this prohibition were described by Rachel Chun in *Sydney Morning Herald*, 27 March 2021. Since the border closure, people from Sigabadaru have had to go to Daru for supplies like food, medicines, cleaning products and fuel. The cost of this is prohibitive and because there are reports of cases of COVID in Daru the villagers fear going there.



A launch from PNG arriving at Boigu, 2016

The inhabitants of the three closest Australian islands, Boigu, Dauan and Sigabadaru, have been visited by vaccination teams at the time of writing (11 April). None of their near neighbours in PNG are likely to be tested for COVID or vaccinated for some time. Their inability to go about their normal lives and the threat of infection they face is making life even harder for Australia's closest neighbours.

PNG Rugby League Team on the Gold Coast

The Intrust Super Cup is Queensland's premier Rugby League competition featuring traditional clubs and regional teams from Tweed Heads to Papua New Guinea. The team from PNG, the SP Hunters, has made Runaway Bay on the Gold Coast their home base for the 2021 season. They have already won a big crowd of local supporters who have claimed them as their favourite

team. These include members of the Gold Coast PNG Club.

Editor's Note: I was directed to this story in the Post Courier by Greg Pike. <https://postcourier.com.pg/png-lauds-runaway-bay-community-in-gold-coast/>

COVID-19 Death

The ABC has reported that the man who died in a Queensland hospital from complications due to COVID-19 on 6 April was a Papua New Guinea (PNG) national who also held UK citizenship.

Malcolm 'Kela' Smith who was a former member of Parliament in PNG, and later Governor of its Eastern Highlands Province, died on 6 April. A victim of COVID-19, he had been cared for in Redcliffe Hospital since he was airlifted from PNG on 28 March.

In offering condolences to the family, Queensland Health added: 'PNG is one of Queensland's closest neighbours, and when we can offer support to our neighbours, we can, and we will.'



Malcom 'Kela' Smith, CMG, MBE

<https://www.abc.net.au/news/2021-04-06/queensland-coronavirus-death-png/100048706>

John Winterbotham, associate member of NGVR & PNGVR Association has provided these comments on Mr Smith's army career and later role in aviation in PNG:

Mal was also an Australian Army veteran who served as a pilot with Army Aviation including a tour of Vietnam in 1969 where he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for extracting twenty-eight soldiers of 8 Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment who were trapped in a minefield.

He flew his Sioux 47G3B1 (MASH style) aircraft into, and landed in, the minefield on multiple occasions to extract the stranded soldiers whilst, at the same time, delivering combat engineers into the site so they could clear a pathway for safe movement out of the minefield.

Mal later owned and managed the largest rotary wing (helicopter) business in the southern hemisphere—Pacific Helicopters based in Goroka, Eastern Highlands, PNG. Mal served ten years as Governor of the Eastern Highlands and was awarded the CMG and MBE for

his service to the people of PNG. As a distinguished Australian army veteran his full story needs to be told rather than being referred to, simply, as a PNG national and as a statistic of COVID-19.'

Editor's Note: We expect a complete vale for Mr Smith in a later edition of Kundu.

Solar Plant for the Markham

Australia has approved finance for the proposed large-scale Markham Valley Solar Plant, located in Markham Valley, Morobe Province. The solar plant will connect to the Ramu electricity grid, which supplies Lae, Madang and the Highlands.

The plant will be Papua New Guinea's first utility scale solar power plant and one of the largest solar plants in the Pacific. Construction is expected to commence in 2021.

The solar plant is part of a broader suite of Australian investments under the Papua New Guinea Electrification Partnership that will build new power plants, expand the electricity grids and connect households, schools, clinics and businesses to electricity for the first time, right across Papua New Guinea. The majority of the finance for the solar plant will be provided through the Australian Infrastructure Financing Facility for the Pacific

The project will reduce power generation costs, lower greenhouse gas emissions and displace high-cost, diesel fired electricity generation on the Ramu grid.

<https://www.aiiffp.gov.au/investments/investment-list/markham-valley-solar-plant>



Second Lieutenant Mal Smith, watches as Corporal Brian Calder (left), refuels his Sioux helicopter after a mission, Nui Dat, South Vietnam, 1969–70

JCU Award for Dr Bragge

Dr Lawrence (Laurie) Bragge has been admitted recently to the award of Honorary Doctor of Letters by James Cook University, in recognition of his significant contribution to scholarship and education, in particular the history of relations between Australia and Papua New Guinea.

Dr Laurie Bragge served the Australian and Papua New Guinean Governments from 1961–78. He worked in seven of Papua New Guinea's (PNG) twenty Provinces, starting at the rank of Cadet Patrol Officer and being promoted to Assistant District Commissioner in recognition of his contribution to Australian administration of the then Territory of Papua and New Guinea.

During his service, he gained a broad knowledge of PNG National, Provincial and Local Government Legislation and administrative processes. He developed a deep understanding of PNG cultures, including customary land management and conflict resolution.

Dr Bragge made significant contributions to the history of Australian exploration of PNG through the patrols that he led, one of which was accompanied by Sir David Attenborough.

Dr Bragge studied at the Australian School of Pacific Administration, which was a tertiary institution established by the Australian Government to train administrators (and later school teachers) to work in PNG. His studies included subjects in anthropology.

In the context of his work as a government officer during the 1960s and 1970s, he applied his anthropological training by doing rich ethnographic research, particularly in the Sepik River region.

Dr Bragge conducted interviews with more than 200 Sepik elders. He carefully transcribed and analysed the interviews, organised a well-documented collection of artefacts, took more than 3000 photographs, and kept a detailed field diary. After leaving the Sepik area, he worked in other parts of



The SP Hunters team, 2021 (top) and their fans (below)

PNG such as the Highlands, Milne Bay, the Upper Sepik (Telefomin-Oksapmin) and the Gulf Province.

Since his retirement he has written seven large volumes on the history of the Sepik, based on the invaluable research data he accumulated while in the field. Sir David Attenborough has expressed admiration for Dr Bragge's research and writing in his introduction to the work.

Dr Bragge recently donated his collection to James Cook University (JCU), comprising his oral history archives, documents, entire PNG library, a collection of about 3000 digitised photographs, as well as approximately 900 artefacts, which contain a number of outstanding examples of PNG art.

The Bragge collection documents an important aspect of PNG-Australian history and therefore is a significant asset in forging closer links between JCU and PNG. The collection is an invaluable addition to the research and teaching infrastructure of JCU and is expected to generate numerous research projects



Mai & Laurie Bragge

aligned with the university's tropical agenda. Already several research projects for future Higher Degree Research (HDR) students have been identified.

The collection has the potential to generate research collaborations across national boundaries with anthropologists, archaeologists, historians and linguists working in PNG, with University of Papua New Guinea scholars and with the Papua New Guinea National Museum.

Dr Bragge has contributed generously to the research endeavours of many anthropologists and other scholars who have sought him out when conducting their own research projects. He has shared his knowledge and (before donating it to JCU) made his archives freely accessible to HDR students and others working on PNG history and culture.

Chinese Ramu 2 Hydro Project

Ben Fordham, writing in *The Australian Newspaper*, 12 February 2021, said that the PNG government had approved a new \$2.6 billion Chinese hydro-electric plant. The Ramu 2 plant would be built, financed and operated by a Chinese company for twenty-five years and then handed back to the government of PNG. PNG Power Ltd has approved, provisionally, an agreement, to purchase power from the new entity. The contract for a transmission upgrade project to link the Ramu 2 project to the national grid has been awarded to another Chinese company and will be financed from a \$223 million loan from Exim Bank. <https://www.theaustralian.com.au/world/warnings-over-pngs-chinese-hydro>



Medical staff of Papua New Guinea's Defence Force are being trained to deal with the nation's COVID-19 outbreak

Following the COVID News in PNG

Two topics dominated the news from PNG since the last issue of *PNG KUNDU*. The first was the death of Sir Michael Somare and the second, a little later, was the rapid increase in cases of COVID-19 in Port Moresby and elsewhere in the country.

Acknowledging the grief of the people, the Government declared a period of twelve days of mourning at about the time increased numbers of COVID cases were appearing in the capital. No restrictions were placed on the size of gatherings for *haus krai*.

The Australian Government was quick to respond to the COVID situation. On 25 January the High Commissioner in Port Moresby announced that Australia would provide \$144 million for COVID vaccination over three years. Extra vaccine could come from Australia's support for global efforts to access vaccines through the COVAX Facility Advance Market Commitment (AMC) for developing countries.

Within two weeks a Chinese government official tweeted that China was assisting the nation with a supply of COVID-19 vaccines.

PNG's Acting Foreign Minister, Rainbo Paita, said there was no agreement with China for the supply of vaccine.

(ABC News, 6 February 2021)

In February 2021, the number of cases increased rapidly, with 449 cases reported in that month alone, bringing the total to 1,365 with fourteen deaths. Hospitals were under pressure as the number of patients mounted and some health care workers were infected with SARS-CoV2, the virus that causes COVID-19.

(<https://www.who.int/papuanewguinea>)

In response to the worsening COVID situation the Prime Minister, Scott Morrison, announced on 17 March that Australia was working to give one million doses of AstraZeneca vaccine, originally destined for Australia, to PNG. He announced also that 8,000 doses of vaccine made in Australia would be sent to PNG immediately to help with PNG's widespread outbreak. Plans were afoot to send both medical supplies and support teams to assist the PNG government.

On 1 April 2021, according to *The Loop*, the Government of the Peoples Republic of China donated \$US 300,000 to PNG.

The Minister for Foreign Affairs and Trade, Patrick Pruaitch, said that the money would be given to Port Moresby Hospital to assist it in dealing with the COVID-19 situation. The Chinese ambassador said that medical equipment necessary for the management of the surge in COVID cases would follow when flights between the two countries resume.

(<https://www.looppng.com/coronavirus/china-donates-us300k-covid-19-response-91119>)

By 6 April 2021 the number of COVID-19 cases in PNG had increased to 7,038 with sixty-one deaths.

The World Health Organization (WHO) had intensified collaboration with the Government of Papua New Guinea, as mass gatherings to commemorate the country's founding prime minister threatened to accelerate already rising cases of COVID-19.

Meanwhile, health charities said another health crisis was looming as the pandemic caused major setbacks to tuberculosis treatment programs. The PNG Government was planning to start a full national vaccination roll out in May, but experts say the country needs more help with the complicated logistics

of delivering vaccines and healthcare to the country's nine million residents.

(<https://www.who.int/papuanewguinea>)

On 8 April Rachel Chun, writing in the *Sydney Morning Herald*, said that PNG's Health Minister Jelta Wong told Reuters PNG received 132,000 doses of the AstraZeneca vaccine from India.

(<https://www.smh.com.au/world/oceania/twin-health-disasters-facing-png-with-no-mass-vaccine-rollout-until-may-20210407-p57h6c.html>)

At the time this story was prepared (7 May 2021) more than 11,000 cases had been recorded in PNG.

(<https://www.worldometers.info/info/coronavirus/country/papua-new-guinea/>
(<https://www.abc.net.au/news/2021-05-04/covid-19-numbers-fall-in-papua-new-guinea-fears-cases-missed/100107888>)

JOHN EGERTON

COVID Q&A Booklets

The Melanesian Foundation (Madang) has prepared, promoted and distributed question and answer booklets for *Pidgin* (<https://tinyurl.com/3pkhhu5s>) and Motu speakers (<https://tinyurl.com/58ewe4ss>) to help dispel mis-information about COVID vaccination.

Papua New Guinea Remembers—Anzac Day 2021

Australian achievements in Papua New Guinea during WWII were critical to victory in the Pacific War against the Japanese. Australians fought alongside men of the Papuan Infantry Battalion and the Pacific Islands Regiment, and were also assisted by many Papuan and New Guinean civilians who carried supplies, evacuated the sick and wounded, and built bases, airfields and other infrastructure. These successes, and also the inevitable human price, are commemorated by official memorials and ceremonies across the country.

On Anzac Day honour the fallen, cheer the survivors, care for the wounded and reach out to a friend—Lest We Forget



Bomana War Cemetery, Pt Moresby



Farewell to the Grand Chief

Papua New Guinea's first prime minister, Sir Michael Thomas Somare, GCL, GCMG, CH, CF, SSI, KStJ, KSG, PC, died on 26 February 2021 in Port Moresby, aged eighty-four. Known as the Father of the Nation and Papa Blo Kantri, Sir Michael led PNG into independence from Australia in 1975, and was one of its longest-serving politicians, with a career that spanned five decades.



Sir Michael with committee members at the Christmas luncheon, Sydney, 2017 (top), and children at the Sydney Memorial Mass, March 2021 (below)

Federal Parliament Tributes for the late Sir Michael Somare

On 15 March 2021 the Australian Prime Minister Scott Morrison, in placing on record the death of Sir Michael Somare and acknowledging with gratitude the special and long relationship between Papua New Guinea and Australia, went on to say:

The ties are deep, forged and remembered at Kokoda, Port Moresby, Milne Bay, Lae, Rabaul and, of course, Bomana, and by the many kiaps, those young Australians who patrolled and worked with local village communities, walking across their vast and rugged interior, because it was once a territory of Australia. Indeed, we defended it during the Second World War.

The leader of the opposition Anthony Albanese, quoting Gough Whitlam in his speech of condolence said that:

Papua New Guinea had 'found a man whose time has come'. Confounding the doomsayers, Papua New Guinea made the transition to independence in peace, without either political or economic collapse. As PNG's first Governor-General, Sir John Guise, so famously put it on 16 September 1975, 'We are lowering the flag of our colonisers, not tearing it down.'

Mr Albanese concluded by saying in Tok Pisin: *Mipela sori tru long lusim yu, Grand Chief. Bel bilong mipela olgeta i hevi tru.*

Memorial Mass, Sydney

A memorial mass for the late Grand Chief Sir Michael Thomas Somare CGL, GCMG, CH, CF, SSI, KStJ, KSG, was held in Kensington, Sydney, on 14 March 2021.

Steven Gagau, former President of the Sydney PNG Wantok Association and PNGAA Committee member, was MC on this special occasion, with the Principal Celebrant being Fr Roger Purcell, MSC.

Leo Oaeke, PNG Sydney Acting Consul General, welcomed everyone to the service. The speakers were His Excellency John Ma'o Kali, PNG High Commissioner to Australia, Sir John Kaputin, CMG, Andrea Williams on behalf of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia and Professor Edward (Ted) Wolfers. Mr Alexander Meekin spoke on behalf of the Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade.

Thoughts were with Lady Veronica Somare, her children—Betha, Sana, Arthur, Dulciana, Michael Junior and their families.

Despite the torrential rain in Sydney, a large audience attended to show respect for this influential and successful leader who had a broad vision for a united Papua New Guinea and who remained friendly with so many Australians. It was clear how united PNG had become as people in all cities joined together to express their grief and acknowledge the loss of this astute leader and PNG's Founding Father.

It seemed poignant that, despite being over forty-five years since PNG independence from Australia, the late Grand Chief's passing initiated such a heartfelt farewell from so many Papua New Guineans and Australians living in Australia.

Before lunch, which followed the service, a short remembrance ceremony was held with flag raising, singing of the National Anthem and National Pledge, led by Liz Corner and Daniel Luke.

Thank you to PNG Consulate General and Sydney PNG Wantok Association, with special thanks to colleagues Steven Gagau, Roxanne Pouru, Daniel Luke and the wonderful Sydney PNG community whose warm spirit of togetherness welcomes everyone.

It was a memorable day of tribute to Sir Michael, a day those present will long remember.

ANDREA WILLIAMS

Memories of PNGAA Christmas Lunch with Sir Michael Somare, 2017

At the Committee Meeting before the lunch, we were informed that 'the Chief' would be in attendance and would give a speech. I must admit I was very excited but felt slightly anxious, as Events Co-ordinator, that all went well.

It was obvious that the members were thrilled about Sir Michael's attendance as the registrations started to arrive immediately. Some travelled long distances to meet up with Sir Michael. One couple came from Darwin.

Roger and I arrived early to set up the room for our members and guests. As with most of my events, Steven Gagau came early to assist. This time he was accompanied by his wife, Dr Jennifer Gagau.

Frantically dashing here and there setting up the decorations, the book table, raffles, etc.,

I turned to see that the Consul's wife, Mary, had arrived with Sir Michael. Our first, most important guest! Early, amidst the mad rush to have everything looking decorative and welcoming!

What could I do but greet him with respect and then explain we had a very important leader coming to visit us today and that I had to continue with preparations and he would have to excuse me. With a hearty laugh, he made himself comfortable on the outside area.

Sir Michael was most willing to have photos and chat with everyone. He obviously enjoyed meeting up with old friends including Ross and Pat Johnson, Quentin and Jan Anthony, just to name a few. In fact, Pat had made the very first PNG flag to be used officially, which is in many of the photos taken on the day.

Sir Michael spoke about his quieter life in PNG now in his retirement. I believed he appreciated the warmth, respect and admiration shown to him by all in attendance having been the First Prime Minister of PNG leading it through the transition of early Independence and for many more years after that. ▶

SARA TURNER



Farewell for Sir Michael Somare in Brisbane

In Brisbane, on Sunday 14 March, 2021 the Papua New Guinea community and friends showed their respect at a memorial service in the Cathedral of St Stephen, for a man known as 'Father of the Nation', founding Prime Minister, and loved family man, Grand Chief Sir Michael Somare.

The COVID-friendly memorial service that I attended for Sir Michael Somare was an uncharted experience in some respects along with the familiar elements of a solemn Christian farewell to a man known as 'Papa Bilong PNG'. I joined other PNGAA members, Phil Ainsworth and Kieran Nelson, for the service.

For the processional entrance, communities in traditional dress representing the PNG regions included: the Autonomous Region of Bougainville, headed by Veronica Henderson; Nombri and Bomai of Simbu, representing the Highlands; Geam and Auntie Maggie from Momase; Irianny Wanma of Kairuku and Milne Bay representing the Southern/Papuan Region and Scholastica of Manus, the Niugini Islands region. All were in their traditional attire and fine *bilas*.

The former Prime Minister of PNG, Sir Rabbie Namaliu and the Minister for Housing and Urban Development, Mr Justin Tkatchenko were represented. Sean Dorney delivered the last tribute. A great grandchild helped to carry the picture of the late *papa bilong kantri*. Special thanks are offered to the choir of East New Britain.



At the Brisbane tribute were (l to r) Leilani Karol, Augusta Lokea, Marie Tokula and Marjorie Taatu

Stella Miria Robinson and David Tekwie led us through the occasion, with memories recounted from the lectern, uplifting live music from choirs and musicians, followed by a communion mass solemnised by Fathers Dylan and Paul.

Later there were refreshments provided by the PNG Federation Qld Inc., and more memories shared in the adjoining Francis Rush Centre.

There are many moments I will remember from that day: the uplifting music, Bougainville friends from my childhood, and hearing for the first time much of the history of the country and the man who shaped it as a modern, independent nation. This was an occasion that Sir Michael would have been very pleased to witness—PNG people of all ages embracing new technologies, in the beautiful setting of the cathedral, while bringing time-honoured traditional customs to an occasion of solemnity and celebration.

Many people worked hard at late notice to bring this occasion together.

Maureen Mopio Jane, Vice President of PNG Federation Qld Inc. posted comments in the PNGFQI Facebook group, acknowledging the collaborative effort to hold this memorial mass at short notice.

The Memorial Working Group comprised the PNG Federation Qld Inc. represented by Aiva Kassman, as Treasurer and Maureen Mopio-Jane as Vice President; Stella and Emily Taatu represented the Brisbane Gold Coast Catholic Community Group; UQ and QUT student leaders David Tekwie, Janet and Tom Parun and Betty Rehder; the PNG Consulate OIC Jeffery Kiangali and his office staff; Ken Dixon most importantly captured the ceremony for online viewing. Television coverage was provided by Stefan Ambruster of SBS. Through the PNG Federation Qld Inc. newly-elected President, Lynette Wessel, the Gattin SDA choir participated in the solemn mass.

BELINDA MACARTNEY

**VALE Sir Michael Somare,
laid to rest 16 March 2021 at Kreer Heights,
Wewak, East Sepik Province**

Editor's Note: Extended tributes to the late Sir Michael Somare by Rt Honourable Sir Rabbie Namaliu, Professor Edward P (Ted) Wolfers and Andrea Williams have been added to the PNGAA website: https://pngaa.org/special_documents/



Medical services in Papua New Guinea were poorly developed until after WWII when the Australian Government established a combined administration of the pre-war Territory of Papua and the Mandated Territory of New Guinea into the Territory of Papua and New Guinea (TPNG). Dr John Gunther, Director of Public Health, set about building hospitals and other infrastructure, and appointing staff.

THE DOCTORS HE APPOINTED were not familiar with many of the diseases they encountered, and quite a few of the diseases were unique to Papua New Guinea. The most famous of these was kuru, first officially reported among the Fore people by Patrol Officer JR McArthur in 1953.

A Lutheran mission had been established in this area in 1949 and an administration patrol post followed soon afterwards. Missionaries, government officers and visiting anthropologists all noted the occurrence of a 'shaking' disease, called kuru by the people. Mostly, this affected women and children of both sexes and was causing social unrest amongst the population. The disease was fatal for its victims, and it generated fear in their relatives because the people believed that kuru was the result of sorcery. People became afflicted, they said, because a sorcerer had put a spell upon them. It was the responsibility of the patients' relatives to identify the sorcerer and kill him. This could initiate a series of payback killings. Any unexplained death, including those from pneumonia, for example, could be attributed to sorcery and generate payback.

Dr Vincent Zigas, the medical officer at

Kainantu, was sent to Okapa by the new Director of Public Health, Dr Roy Scragg, to examine the problem in 1956. John Colman was the kiap who had set up the patrol post there and he enabled Zigas to examine a few patients. Zigas thought they were hysterical, but agreed that he was looking at a disease new to western medicine. Following instructions, he collected and sent samples from these patients to the Walter and Eliza Hall Institute in Melbourne (WEHI). Sir Frank Macfarlane Burnet was director of WEHI, a renowned virologist and recognised as a suitable specialist to advise medical authorities in TPNG.

In 1957 a young medical researcher from the US, Dr Daniel Carleton Gajdusek, who had earlier visited New Britain and had been working at WEHI, stopped off in Port Moresby on a return visit to New Britain. He called on Scragg who told him about kuru and the likelihood of its being a new disease. Gajdusek planned to fly to Rabaul via a stopover in Goroka. While in Goroka he contacted Zigas, saying that his flight to Rabaul included a stop at Kainantu and asking if he could possibly examine a few kuru patients during that stop. Zigas agreed.

Gajdusek saw two patients and was convinced he was seeing a new disease of the nervous system. He took his bags from the plane and stayed to talk with Zigas about kuru. The next day they both went to Okapa where they were welcomed and assisted by Jack Baker, now the local kiap. On this, his first visit to Okapa, Gajdusek stayed for nine months and, with Zigas, began a detailed investigation of kuru. Using local resources, they built a hospital and began examining kuru patients.

During this time Gajdusek took up a 'visiting' position in the US National Institutes of Health (NIH), but located in TPNG, with the endorsement of Joe Smadel, an Associate Director of NIH. This provided the advantage of some logistical support and access to the laboratories of NIH. This support from NIH was important because, during this period, Gajdusek, at the instigation of Burnet, had become *persona non grata* with the Department of Public Health and Zigas was ordered to leave Okapa and return to his post at Kainantu. Gajdusek was seen as an unauthorised interloper on an Australian problem. Gajdusek stayed in the area, continued to care for his patients, patrolled extensively with Jack Baker, and eventually won the grudging respect of the administration.

While working together Zigas and Gajdusek defined the clinical signs of kuru. These included the fact that it particularly affected children and young women and that it began with lack of movement control and clumsiness in gait. The tremor associated with kuru ('kuru' is the Fore word for shivering) originated in the cerebellum, part of the brain concerned with maintaining

balance. Gradually the lack of movement control became more disabling and sufferers showed irregular and involuntary movements. The 'laughing' associated with a phase of kuru was real and due to emotional lability and hence its description in the press as 'laughing' disease. Eventually, patients could no longer sit up, became incontinent, developed sores and all eventually died of either starvation, pneumonia or progression of the disease to the vital centres of the brain.

Zigas and Gajdusek devised a useful test to detect early cases. They simply asked possible cases to stand on one leg. This had some similarity to the test used by local men to determine whether a potential bride had kuru. They observed them crossing one of the fast-flowing streams in the district by means of the traditional bridge, i.e. a thin tree trunk laid from one bank to the other. If they were unable to cross safely, they were suffering from poor balance which indicated that they had kuru.

Having defined the clinical nature of kuru they set about examining its importance in the population. They mapped the place of occurrence of all their cases and found that most were confined to the Fore language group, with a higher frequency in the south than in the north. Other cases were also seen in nine contiguous language groups. In 1958 this population of 40,000 people suffered about 200 deaths from kuru annually.

By the time of their first scientific papers on the subject in late 1957—in the *New England Journal of Medicine* and the *Medical Journal of Australia*—they had identified 114 cases of kuru. There had been sixteen deaths among these and six more were pending. Samples of blood from these patients had been sent to the pathology laboratory in Port Moresby for analysis. No abnormalities were found, and there was no evidence of infection either from the blood results or tests for bacteria or viruses. None of the patients responded to any of a number of treatments tested for effect.

While collecting this information Zigas and Gajdusek had conducted autopsies on eight of their cases. Brain tissue from these had been preserved and sent for examination to neuropathologists in Washington, Adelaide, and Melbourne with the question 'Is this a new disease?' At the time their papers were published they had not received any

response from the neuropathologists. They had to speculate about the possible causes of this disease. 'Was it an environmental toxin or a nutritional deficiency?' 'Was it something introduced by Europeans?' The latter seemed unlikely because of the very recent presence of outsiders in this remote region and the history of the disease among the Fore before their arrival. There was a possibility, too, that kuru was due to an inherited genetic fault.

The first publication on the pathology of the disease confirmed kuru as a disease of the cerebellum (part of the hindbrain). This paper was written by Australian pathologists. By 1959, Igor Klatzo from NIH had identified the changes in affected brains that are characteristic of kuru. He drew attention to the similarity of these to those seen in a relatively rare condition known as Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease (CJD).

In 1959 Gajdusek was visiting London and there he created a display about kuru, including its pathology, at the Wellcome Medical Museum. This display was seen by a veterinary pathologist from Montana, William Hadlow. Hadlow was familiar with a disease of sheep called scrapie and he saw that the changes in the brains of kuru patients were like those in scrapie. He also knew that scrapie was an infectious, transmissible disease. He quickly reported his belief in the similarity of the two diseases in a letter to the *Lancet*, a leading medical journal in the UK. For the first time, there was now a suggestion that kuru may, in fact, be due to an infective agent.

Gajdusek responded to this information by arranging the collection and dispatch to NIH of fresh and deeply frozen brain samples. These samples were provided by Michael Alpers, who had commenced his long association with research on kuru at about this time. He had done autopsies on patients he had followed throughout the course of their disease. He was able to do this with the support of the relatives of the victims. Deeply frozen samples from these brains travelled via Commonwealth Serum Laboratories in Melbourne to NIH. Here arrangements were made for inoculation of the brain tissue into the brains of chimpanzees. Alpers, who had gone to work at NIH, diagnosed clinical kuru in the first of these chimpanzees to become sick sixteen months after inoculation. He, Joe Gibbs and Elisabeth Beck autopsied the first chimpanzee to die of kuru.

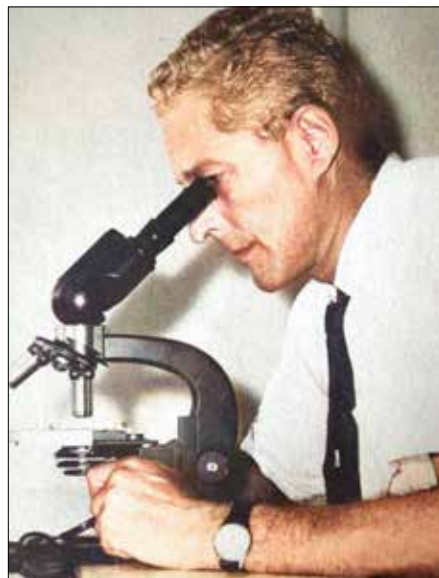
Elisabeth Beck confirmed that the pathology in this case was the same as that in human patients.

On hearing of the first results of the transmission experiment, Gajdusek returned to Washington from Okapa and he, Alpers and Joe Gibbs together wrote a paper for *Nature* claiming, for the first time, that kuru was caused by an infectious agent which Gajdusek called a 'slow' virus. Alpers, a medical graduate from Adelaide, had become involved with both kuru research and the Fore people since arriving in TPNG in 1961. He was the second director of the Papua New Guinea Institute of Medical Research and kept an interest in PNG affairs for sixty years. Alpers' close association with the Fore people, like that of John Mathews and others involved in the investigation of kuru, made it much easier to collect the stories associated with the disease and to collect the information needed for their research.

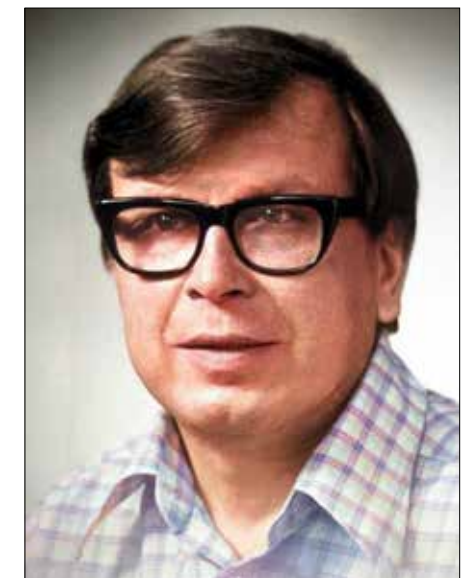
The paper in *Nature* in 1966 drew international attention to PNG and its 'new' disease. Scientists in many institutions began to study the nature of Gajdusek's 'slow' virus. By 1982 it had been discovered that it was not a virus at all, but a new form of infective agent that has been called a prion. It has also been found that prions are the cause of a well-defined group of diseases, all of which result in the brain damage characteristic of kuru. These diseases include scrapie of sheep, a disease of mink, mad cow disease and CJD. Before this new knowledge had been acquired Gajdusek's original and sustained research into kuru was rewarded with the Nobel Prize in Medicine in 1976.

The discovery that kuru was transmissible

Vincent Zigas
(Courtesy Gloria
Zigas)
PREVIOUS PAGE:
Fore village
scene

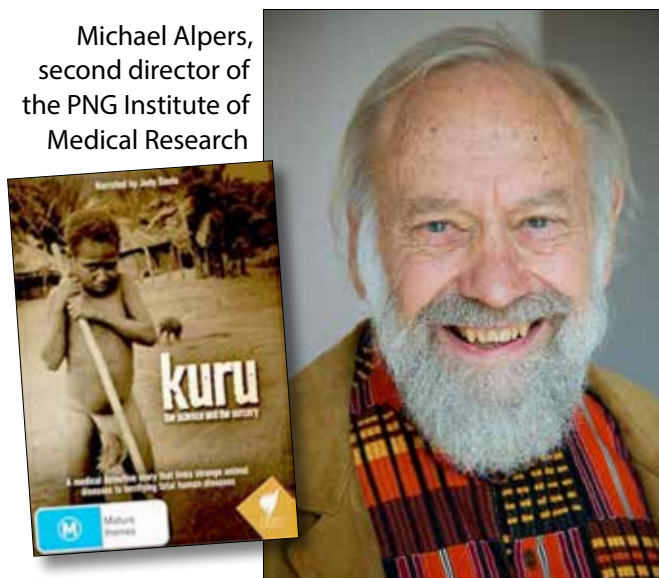


Carleton
Gajdusek
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raised the question of how that occurred among the people suffering from the disease. The question was eventually answered by medical scientists and anthropologists working closely with the Fore people. Robert and Shirley Glasse accumulated information in the early sixties about the funerary rites of the people in the Fore. This information, combined with all the medical and epidemiological data collected and published by Gajdusek, Zigas and Alpers and especially the results from the transmission experiments pointed clearly to the role of cannibalism in kuru. This complex process, described as transumption by Alpers, was a deeply embedded aspect of Fore culture. Body parts of victims of kuru, including the brains, were consumed by women as a mark of respect for the dead and to assist them on the journey to join their ancestors. Adult men did not participate in this custom; girls, women and boys below the age of initiation did. Gajdusek, by contrast, always contended that people were infected following the contamination of skin wounds and not by ingestion.

The role of these rites in transmission was strongly supported by the almost complete disappearance of kuru after the administration and missions succeeded in persuading the people to abandon this practice by the nineteen fifties. Sporadic cases, observed years afterwards, have been attributed by Alpers to their abnormally long incubation periods. Later experience with the cases of mad cow disease in people after eating the meat of affected cattle is additional evidence that prion infections like kuru can be acquired orally. The relatively early solution of the mad cow disease



Michael Alpers, second director of the PNG Institute of Medical Research

epidemic in Europe was one consequence of the preceding research on kuru.

I first heard of kuru, Carleton Gajdusek and Vin Zigas when I visited TPNG as a medical student in 1957. I returned to Port Moresby as Director of Pathology in the DPH in 1962, and served in this role for six years. Part of my work included ensuring that Gajdusek's supplies for his research were sent on to him when he was working with the consent of the TPNG administration. I visited him in his laboratory in Washington in 1976, the year he received his Nobel Prize, and met him again at meetings around the world.

Because of a continuing interest in the story of kuru and its pathology, I have recently re-examined brain specimens held at the Maudsley Hospital in London where Elisabeth Beck had worked. Working with more modern techniques, one of their neuropathologists and I have been able, independently, to confirm Beck's original findings. We were also able to demonstrate the presence of prions in these specimens—infective particles whose existence was unknown when the original work was done.

What has this done for medicine in PNG? It alerted the world to the fact that, like many aspects of its people and their culture, some diseases there were unique. Because of its importance to the health of the Fore people the research effort directed at it by people like Gajdusek and many others led to the identification of a new infective agent, the prion. A group of diseases of people and other animals became much better understood. All this put PNG, its people and their diseases on the map for world science.

In PNG, the effort directed at kuru illustrated the need for research into other diseases and resulted in the establishment of the Papua New Guinea Institute of Medical Research. That institute and medical practitioners in the country continue to investigate and gather information about the diseases affecting their people. It has been my privilege to meet and work with these people and to assist in studying the pathology of some of their disease problems. ♦

Editor's Note: Television channel SBS broadcast a program called 'Kuru—the Science and the Sorcery' in 2010. It is still accessible at SBS on Demand. A vale for Carleton Gajdusek was published in *Una Voce*, March 2009. Images of Alpers and village scene courtesy of Michael Alpers.

Experiences of a Medical Student in 1969

RUPERT GUDE

The roar of the engine was intense. I was escorting a patient in pain from Kundiawa District Hospital in Chimbu to Goroka General Hospital, and the pilot was trying to gain height to cross the range. The clouds were closing in and we were tilting from side to side to see how high we were from the ground. We passed small villages, seemingly at eye level. We made it over—just!

OMKALAI AIRSTRIP (servicing Gumine) just south of Kundiawa was the most impressive strip to land on—a 13° slope on the side of a mountain where the pilot had to throw his plane up the strip, almost stall, then rev the engine up at the top onto a flat patch to stop the plane running backwards down the strip. Taking off again was even more impressive: a quick acceleration down the strip, airborne, then a rapid, steep left turn immediately after take-off down into the Wahgi valley. Stomach churning and exhilarating.

These were just a few of the many trips I made in my year of 1969 and many were scary. There were frequent tales of crashed light aircraft, especially those flying up valleys where they just ran out of air. I survived due to the expertise of our young Aussie Qantas pilots.

What was I doing here? I was twenty-two-years old, a fourth-year medical student from Guy's Hospital in London, who thought a year volunteering with Voluntary Service Overseas was a good thing to do.

The Dean frowned, said 'Yes', but added '... do not encourage the others!' So, on Christmas Day, 1968, I was off to Australia then Papua New Guinea.



The author in 1969 (left); Omkalai airstrip (main)

I was seconded to Kundiawa District Hospital for the first six months, working for Dr Jay Morton and the forceful Dr Dorothy Millar, daughter of the formidable Andre Millar, who helped found the Lae Botanic Gardens. We also had the great West Papuan, Dr Adolf Saweri, who had just finished working on kuru in the Eastern Highlands. There was a good bunch of Australian sisters, especially Joyce—who taught me so much about obstetrics. The *dokta bois* and *dokta meris* were excellent. They had in-house training and were devoted to their work.

We provided basic care treating the diseases of the poor village communities—bronchopneumonia, gastroenteritis and malnutrition, with care for the tuberculosis and leprosy patients. Heart disease was unknown and people with cancers and liver failure took their chances with customary treatment.

It was an eye opener for a lad from England, but I soon adapted. I was given a house next to the hospital with an interesting collection of nocturnal cockroaches. I volunteered to be on call every night except for the nights when I wanted a few beers. It was not arduous since admissions virtually ceased at sunset, as people waited for sunrise to set off to the *haus sik*.

Antibiotics were basically soluble penicillin (*pen wara*) or oily depot penicillin (*pen wel*), and we constructed the dose chart at the end of the bed.

Some ampicillin was available, but chloramphenicol was amazingly effective for serious illness. It was banned in most countries because of 1:10,000 cases of bone marrow failure, but we used it very occasionally with startlingly good results and many lives saved. There were a few broken bones, usually from falling out of a ute.

Once or twice we had battleground injuries—normally an arrow into a leg or arm. In those days disagreements were staged affairs with one group arraigned on one side of the valley, and an opposing group across on the other. They would holler and shout insults across the valley and young bloods would rush forwards to fire an arrow or throw a spear. Most people could see them coming and dodge. After a while people would tire and go home—duty done. If someone was struck by a spear or arrow they would come to *haus sik* to have them dug out.

My duties were consistent but not strenuous. Occasionally, I was called to give an anaesthetic to a patient with a broken arm or an abscess. Giving them an injection to put them to sleep was fine, but the open ether that I dribbled onto a gauze mask was troublesome. Soon I was feeling drowsy myself



As gras preserves male modesty

and had to be careful to modify the anaesthetic and not get too close to avoid my own total anaesthesia!

I loved going to the leprosy wards where there were ten or so chronic leprosy patients. They were usually there for severe ulceration of their numb feet. First, we had to cut off old, dead, hard skin to allow the wound to heal and then put the foot in plaster for it to heal over the next four weeks. The patients were always cheerful and friendly though we hardly had a word in common.

One of the scariest things for a mother was to sit with her child with croup in the steam room. Croup is a very unpleasant viral inflammation of the larynx in two- to three-year-olds, and the children often become quite distressed. Steam has an amazing effect on the airways and soothes the breathing. The gardener would light a fire under a 44-gallon drum until the water was boiling. The steam was led down a pipe into the steam room and the mothers would have to sit inside with their child in total darkness for twenty-four hours. They were very stoical.

Life was always interesting. I was sent up to Gembogl for two weeks to provide cover for the small hospital. I was in charge and everything rested on my decisions. However, my main memory was of the immense coldness at night. At over 7,000 ft the temperature plummeted at sunset, and I remember having a quick supper and being in bed by 7.30 pm to keep warm.

Another time I was sent up to Wabag to provide cover for the holiday of the ambulance man recruited from England. It was fascinating to see the skills that the government sought in order to run the health service. I hope the Wabag people put up with my inadequate presence. My main memory was flying up from Mt Hagen in a DC3, sitting on seats against the fuselage with luggage piled in the middle. We seemed to be flying at about 200-300 feet constantly heading uphill—a bit of a shock.

We had fun going on outings. There were deep caves north of Kundiawa with incredible stalactites and narrow passageways. The walks around Kundiawa and the mighty Wahgi River were always interesting to see, and we climbed up part of Mt Wilhelm. The market was entertaining with buxom young women showing off their furs and bracelets, and of course being topless with a *pulpul* (woven fur skirt). The women were extremely competent



Always a wonderful array of vegetables at Kundiawa market

at maintaining their modesty with their *pulpul* flopping from side to side but always in place.

The men proudly wore their *as gras* (leaves covering their buttocks), newly cut before coming to town. Some had a small bamboo tally that they wore like a necklace which showed a bamboo stick for each pig they owned. A few had bank balances that came down to the umbilicus: a truly great man!

As in many cultures, rows occurred over pigs, land and then women. The women worked in the gardens incredibly hard and often carried a large *bilum* (net bag) strung from their foreheads full of sweet potatoes, and another with firewood and maybe a third with an infant. Kundiawa was cool and wet and the barely-dressed women coped with the cold with bravery.

I did a couple of patrols, first to Bomai in the south of Chimbu, and then to the Jimi Valley in the Western Highlands with a researcher (another story next time).

For my second six months I was sent to the Angau Memorial Hospital in Lae. There were six Australian doctors and five Papua New Guinean junior doctors. I was allocated to work on the children's ward. Life here was different. There

was the bustle of a westernised town, comfortable quarters and very smartly dressed and attentive nurses. Dr Sutherland, the paediatrician, was kindly and a good teacher and we made a good pair.

After a year I returned to Guy's Hospital for my final year and to qualify as a doctor. People often said to me that I must have seen a lot of diseases and learned a lot. More difficult to describe, however, was learning how a poor country was struggling to create an effective health service. I learnt about poverty, not just in money but in possessions and food. I was immensely impressed by the good mood of the people who lived in the villages and the struggle they had in improving their lives and the lives of their children.

I learned of simple strategies to treat the conditions that could be treated and not to worry about those which had no treatment due to resource limitation.

I cannot now, after fifty years, remember what I left behind or if anyone learnt from me. I like to think that by sharing their experience I helped people to make their lives better. My experience of working in PNG as a young medical student certainly enriched my life. ♦



Establishment of Government Stations

Compiled in 1964 by JK McCarthy, Director of Native Affairs, Konedobu, Papua,
the following information records the establishment of government stations in New
Guinea until the early 1960s.

1880s: Flag raised in 1884. New Guinea Company given sovereign rights in 1885. First administrator arrived Finschhafen. Stations established at Hatzfeldthafen and Madang and Sub-Station at Butaueng. First settlement on Tschirimoi Island, but soon moved to mainland. Stations established at Konstantinhafen, Matupi (later moved to Kerewara), Stephansort (Bogadjim) and Kelana.

1890s: Herbertshohe established as main station in Bismarck Archipelago. The business and administrative centre moved to Stephansort in 1891. The colony was divided into Eastern (Herbertshohe) and Western (Friedrich-Wilhelmshafen) Court Districts. The headquarters was moved to Madang in 1895. The German Government took over from New Guinea Company in 1899, and transferred the capital to Herbertshohe (Kokopo).

1900s: District of Nusa and station at Kavieng established, Finschhafen Station was re-established and Salamaua established as base for Huon Gulf Expedition. A police post was established at Toma along with stations at Namatanai, Kieta, Eitape and Bula. Police post established at Morobe and, in 1909, District Office transferred from Herbertshohe to Rabaul.

1910s: Central Government and Supreme Court transferred to Rabaul in 1910. Stations established at Manus, Angoram, Angrisshafen, Gasmata, Wewak and Lae, which had lapsed in 1914, was re-established.

1920s: Stations were established at Buka Passage, Buin, Marienberg and Ambunti. Districts of Rabaul, Talasea and Gasmata amalgamated with headquarters at Kokopo, Kavieng and Namatanai Districts were amalgamated.

1930s: ADO stationed at goldfields area at Wau, and Marienberg Station moved to Angoram. Station established at Kainantu in 1932 and a permanent base camp established at Otibanda and advance post at Finintegu. Base camps were also established at Kundiawa, Goromei and Bena Bena, with new posts at Tungu and Wakunai. Lae became a Sub-District Office in 1937 and stations were later established at Maprik, Gormis (Mt Hagen), Mai Mai and Bogia, with a base camp at Yapunda (Sepik).

The transfer of New Guinea Headquarters from Rabaul to Lae was commencing at the time of the occupation of Rabaul by the Japanese.

1940s: Goroka Station replaced Bena Bena in 1946, Minj, which was a base camp only until 1948–49, Wabag was taken over from the army, Kaiapit and Finschhafen were re-established and Mumeng established. Stations were established at Lumi, Pomio, Yangoru, Dreikikir, Telefomin, Henganofi, Wantoat and Wapenamanda.

1950s: Stations established at Kandrian (replacing Gasmata), Green River, Menyamy, Baluan, Vunadadir, Laiagam, Aiome, Chuave, Kompian, Boku, Kunua, Lofa, Watabung, Okapa, Kerowagi, Bundi, Karkar, May River, Gumine, Tabibuga, Tambul, Nuku, Cape Hoskins, Kalolo, Pindiu, Cape Gloucester, Gembogl, Kandep and Amanab

1960s: A training centre was established at Finschhafen in 1861, and stations established at Karimui, Wonenara, Simbai, Hutjena, Porgera, Tinputz, Oksapmin, Kabwum, Lake Kopiago, Amboin, Aseki, Imonda, Hanahan, Lemankoa, Taskul, Subeli (Wuvulu), Kup, Obura, Pagwi, Wutung and Pagei. ♦

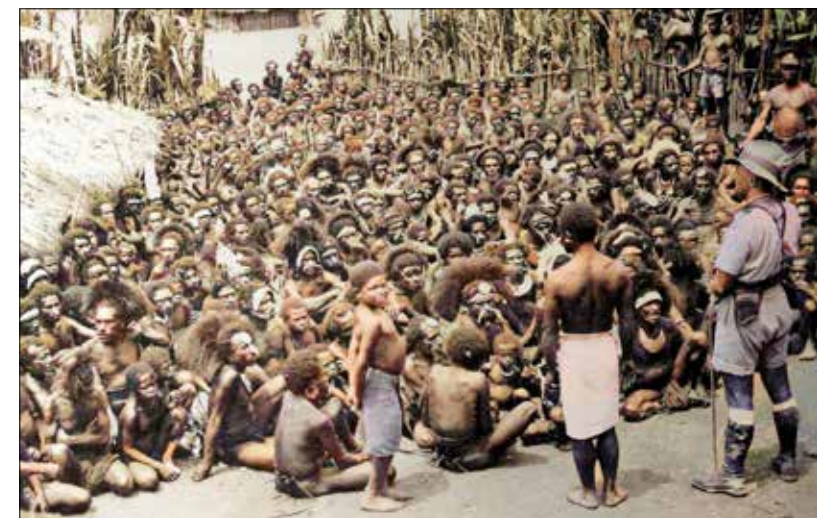
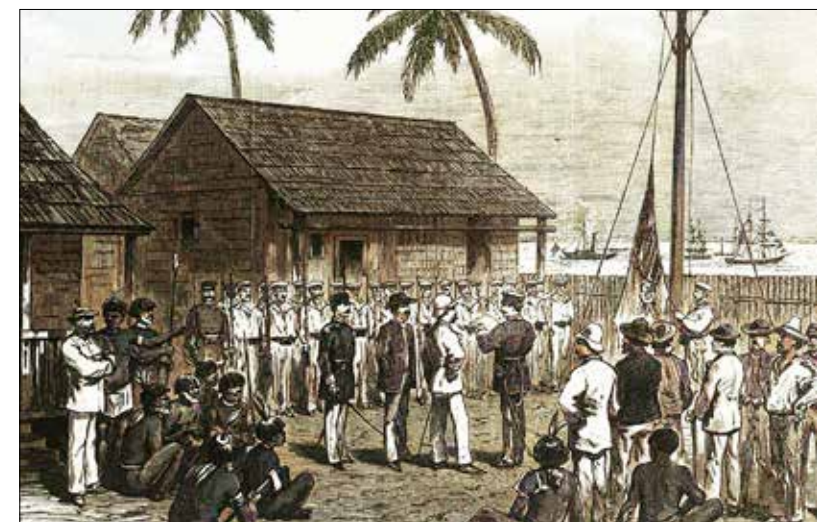


John Keith McCarthy, CBE (1905–76), became a patrol officer in the Territory of New Guinea in 1927 and, at the start of World War II, he was an Assistant District Officer at Talasea. He helped evacuate civilians from Rabaul after the Japanese attack, and commanded local

coastwatchers and ANGAU scouts, becoming Military Resident Commissioner of Sarawak.

Following the war, he was appointed District Officer, before being promoted to District Commissioner of Madang in 1949, later holding the same role in Rabaul.

In 1951 he was appointed to the Legislative Council, and in 1955 he became Executive Officer of the Department of the Administrator, and was briefly Acting Administrator of Nauru in 1957. In 1960 he was appointed Director of Native Affairs and, following the 1964 elections, he became an official member of the new House of Assembly. He was awarded a CBE in the 1965 Queen's Birthday Honours, and retired from the civil service in 1967, returning to Australia in 1971.



TOP: Raising the German flag at Mioko, East New Britain, 1884

MIDDLE: Patrol Officer Ian Skinner, with the help of his interpreter addresses an assembly of villagers, Eastern Highlands, 1939

BOTTOM: Patrol Officer Leigh Vial being carried by police across a river, 1939

OPPOSITE PAGE: New Guinea Company Polizeitruppe, Friedrich-Wilhelmshafen, 1899



Papuan Carriers Memorial

RICK MOOR

The Kokoda Track, which runs ninety-six km through the Owen Stanley Range in Papua New Guinea, was the location of the 1942 World War II battle between Japanese and Australian forces in what was then the Australian Territory of Papua. The track runs from Owers Corner in Central Province fifty km east of Port Moresby, across rugged isolated terrain which is only passable on foot, to the village of Kokoda. It reaches a height of 2,250 m as it passes around the peak of Mount Bellamy. The track traverses primarily through the land of the Koiari people.

PEAK LEARNING ADVENTURES was approached by Scott O'Reilly of the iPi Group of Companies (PNG domiciled) to design, manufacture and install a plaque in Naduri village located at 1511 m, halfway along the Kokoda Track. While there are many memorials along the Kokoda Track commemorating Australian soldiers, there is very little that acknowledges the significant contribution of the PNG carriers and soldiers. Installation of the plaque occurred over the long weekend of 9–11 June 2018 by the Kokoda Memorial Foundation (KMF) team of Grant Robinson, Mark Evans, Peter Evans, Len Thompson, Meech Phillpott and Eric Winn (see *Monument Men*). They were assisted by Peak Learning Adventure's guides Zac Zaharias, Eric Uwea, Nikki George and Rick Moor (see *Planning Team*). The team was inserted into Naduri by helicopter along with the construction



stores consisting of fifty bags of cement, formwork and tools.

This magnificent plaque is the largest and best along the Kokoda Track and a great credit to the KMF for their highly professional work—all done by volunteers. The plaque was designed and sculptured by Ross Bastiaan from Melbourne who has produced well over 200 plaques, many of which are in PNG and Gallipoli.

The Naduri villages were overwhelming in their support for the plaque which also commemorates Ovoru Idiki, a long time Naduri resident and Fuzzy Wuzzy angel who passed away in 2013. Ovoru spent

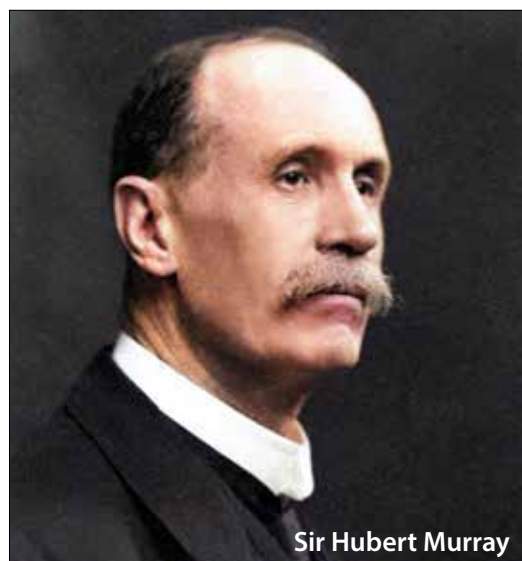
countless hours educating trekkers on the sacrifices of the carriers during the Kokoda campaign. The community showed overwhelming support, many ceremonies, sing sings, services and prayers took place over the week. Most of the community carved their name on a stone, these were placed in a case that was inserted into plinth (see *Time Capsule*). The three clans that reside in the village gave their blessing verbally and in writing.

This memorial could not have been possible without the foresight and generosity of the iPi Group and its CEO, Scott O'Reilly, OBE. ♦

FEATURED PHOTOGRAPHS:

The Unveiling and the Monument Men (opposite page); the Time Capsule (left) and the Planning Team (right & bottom)





Sir Hubert Murray

A Port Moresby Museum?

Sir Hubert Murray, Lieutenant Governor of the Territory of Papua from 1907 to 1940, trained as a lawyer but had a continuing interest in anthropology. He believed that a better understanding of the customs and habits of Papuans would foster a more enlightened administration of the people for whom he was responsible to the Australian Government.

HE ISSUED INSTRUCTIONS to his field officers, resident magistrates, assistant resident magistrates and patrol officers to collect material that represented the lives and beliefs of the people they encountered during their patrolling. They were allowed a budget of about \$10 annually to support this aspect of their duties. Murray was also a collector as were the government anthropologists who later joined the service. Even so, the great majority of material, some 3,000 items, was acquired by field officers.

Prominent among the field collectors were officers in the then Western District of Papua. SD Burrows, for example, used the five months he was marooned on the MV *Elevala* in the Moorehead River to collect artefacts from the surrounding area. Burrows contributed 100 items to the Port Moresby collection but on retirement took 300 other items with him. His family later gave those to a museum in Oxford UK.

AP Lyons and Leo Austin, who patrolled in the area in the upper reaches of the Fly River in the period just before and after the First World War, were also enthusiastic collectors.

RL Bellamy was both medical officer and resident magistrate in the south east district. He seems to have specialised in the collection of bowls. Others were interested in tapa cloth, flutes, mortar and pestles, weapons and body armour. Some, but not all, were carefully annotated with place and time of collection.

It was Murray's intention to establish a museum in Port Moresby to house and exhibit this material.

Although it was all housed there for many years a museum was never established. Murray was persuaded by an English anthropologist that the collection would be better located where other anthropologists could access it.

For this reason, between 1915 and 1930, all the material was transferred to the National Museum of NSW. That institution, in response to pressure on its space, transferred the collection to the Institute of Anatomy in Canberra in 1933. Here it was exhibited for the first time. In 1980 it moved to the National Museum of Australia where it still resides as the Official Papuan Collection.

Sir William McGregor, who preceded Murray in Papua, was also an avid collector of natural history and ethnographic material. That collection found its way to the Queensland Museum and Art Gallery. More recently part of the McGregor collection has been repatriated to the Port Moresby Museum. Perhaps the time has come to realise Murray's original plan and concentrate both his collection and McGregor's together in a well-funded institution, dedicated to the ethnography and culture of the people of Papua New Guinea.

The content of this article is based on a paper, 'Australia's Official Papuan Collection', published by Sylvia Schaffarczyk in *reCollections: Journal of the National Museum of Australia*. That paper came from the author's PhD study, at Australian National University, on the Murray collection. ♦

The paper may be accessed at https://www.academia.edu/299986/Australias_Official_Papuan_Collection?email_work_card=view-paper

Flourishing Arabica coffee plantation under *Leucaena glauca* shade near Mt Hagen, Western Highlands

Family Farm to PNG Development Bank—Story of a Didiman

MURROUGH BENSON—Part Eight

My role with the Development Bank quickly expanded to undertaking field appraisals of new loan applications for large-scale rural enterprises and regular reviews of existing facilities. Most of these properties were owned and operated by expatriates although over the years a small number of local people took on larger operations. Smallholder loans were essentially looked after by the local didiman, with support from the local Development Bank Representative where they existed.

THE RANGE OF rural enterprises was quite broad. Cattle, pigs, poultry, coffee, tea, oil palm, cocoa, copra and rubber were the main pursuits but sorghum, vegetables, ginger, soya beans, cardamoms and fish farming also featured. The large rural enterprises that the Bank funded were generally well run. Some had ventured into relatively new (for PNG) areas of activity and their operations were quite extensive and, in some cases, quite complex; I'm thinking particularly of tea, which was introduced to the Western Highlands in the late 1960s and early 1970s. By the mid-1970s thousands of acres had been planted on the fertile plains outside Mt Hagen and the tea was processed in large factories on the individual estates. Coffee plantations also featured fairly prominently amongst our Highlands clientele and these were mostly quite successful operations.

The role of the Rural Officer was to visit the property and gather all the information required by the Bank's lending staff in order to make informed decisions on whether or not to approve loans, maintain existing facilities, adjust security arrangements or repayments and so on. When at a property, therefore, it was necessary, through a thorough physical inspection and detailed discussions with the owner and/or manager, to get a good understanding of developments already undertaken, determine whether existing loan funds had been used effectively, know what was planned for the future, review past production and financial figures, prepare estimates of future performance through to a stable year-in-year-out position and collect details of all buildings, plant and equipment on the place and, later, value these. Often it was necessary to follow up with clients' accountants to



Tea picking in the Wahgi Valley, Western Highlands

get the full financial details. Back in the office all this information was put into the appropriate forms, which were based on those used by Australia's Commonwealth Development Bank, and a full written report prepared.

Most clients did all they could to help convey a realistic picture of their business. Only very occasionally was cooperation not all that forthcoming. My very first field trip was an interesting introduction to some of the difficulties that could be encountered. Our initial meeting with what could politely be described as a 'crusty' old coffee grower provided us with some figures that didn't appear to make a lot of sense. He also led us to believe that new labour quarters for which Bank funds had been made available were well advanced. A later inspection of the property showed us no sign of the supposed new facility. There was, however, a fairly substantial new residence under construction, no mention of which had been made in our earlier meeting with the owner. Technically, I suppose, a house could be considered a form of 'labour quarters' but I don't think this is what the Bank had in mind. Later, this property sold to a successful neighbouring plantation owner and it subsequently prospered.

The spirit of goodwill that generally existed between the Bank's Rural Officers and their clients saw our role extending beyond simply undertaking our prime role of assessing business prospects. It was not at all unusual for us to follow up on the purchase of equipment and materials or gather

technical information on behalf of clients. These were, after all, the days before the Internet and other forms of sophisticated communication that we take for granted these days. I can remember, for example, spending quite a bit of time chasing up information and getting quotes on freezer facilities for a client with a large cattle property in the Jimi Valley of the Western Highlands. For other clients I recall ordering and arranging the shipping of fencing materials and rubber tapping equipment, clearing pasture seed through Customs, taking delivery of a tractor and shipping it to New Ireland and arranging a barge for the shipment of cattle from Port Moresby to a property in Milne Bay and providing advice on how the pens should be set up on board for safe movement of the stock.

The broad range of rural enterprises funded by the Bank saw Rural Officers travel to all parts of the country and much of our time was spent away from home. Travelling around the country involved a range of transport that varied widely depending on the location of the properties. Air travel was, of course, essential for at least part of the journey to the great majority of places. Once the air component was completed, though, the remainder of the journey could at times be a little more interesting, not that some flights were without their moments.

A hire car or the local Bank Rep's four-wheel drive vehicle was fairly normal to get to places within striking distance of the major centres. More remote areas presented greater logistical challenges.

One particularly good example was a copra, rubber and cattle plantation near Orangerie Bay in the Milne Bay District. The expatriate owner was looking at selling the place to his long-time *bosboi* (native foreman). The outward-bound journey was relatively uneventful but certainly interesting. Along with one of our Vudal graduates and the owner of the property I took an early Macair flight that called into Amazon Bay and Mamai before touching down at Baibara a little over two hours later. Then it was into a tractor-drawn trailer for the next leg. Three tractor trips and two canoe river crossings later we reached the first plantation, a distance of twelve miles having been covered in an hour. The final leg of the journey down the coast was a somewhat faster and more comfortable dinghy trip of an hour or so.

The property inspection itself was interesting too and is worth recalling here to paint a bit of a picture of what could be involved in these field trips. Our first afternoon was spent familiarising ourselves with the property by walking over it in the company of the owner and prospective buyer. We also recorded details of most of the buildings, plant and machinery. This task was completed the next morning while it was still raining heavily then it was on to counting the old coconut palms. Thoroughly soaked by the time we had finished this job we had a short break for lunch before repeating the process on the younger coconuts and the rubber trees. At night we worked out the effective areas

of the different plantings using the tree spacings we had noted during the day. We now had the starting point for our crop production estimates which we would do back in the office using the yield guidelines that we had for all crops, prepared in consultation with various crop specialists in DASf.

The next day started with a tree count of the prospective new owner's coconuts on land adjoining the property he was looking at buying. The afternoon was spent checking out the cattle on the plantation. Half way through counting them we had to start again as some had escaped from the less than secure yards. Rounding them all up again on foot took some time as there was no holding paddock for them once they left the yards. By late afternoon, though, the job was done. We worked until late at night extracting production, income and expenditure figures from the plantation records and continuing discussions with the owner and prospective owner.

The trip home was somewhat more eventful than the trip out four days earlier; the co-ordination (by the plantation owner) of the various parties involved didn't work out quite as planned. The first leg in the dinghy was trouble free but on arrival there was no tractor and trailer waiting for us so we had to walk to the first river crossing. A canoe was there to take us across but again there was no tractor waiting on the other side so off we went by foot again. Within about twenty minutes of the second river crossing the tractor turned up so we



This family purchased this expatriate-owned copra/cattle plantation at Orangerie Bay, Milne Bay District

jumped on board. The canoe crossing of the second river went without incident but by now we were getting used to the idea of there being no tractor and trailer on the other side – and we were not surprised. After walking for about fifteen minutes, during which time we resorted to paying some villagers to carry our bags, the tractor arrived so it was full steam ahead again to the Baibara airstrip.

Things were looking good for our 1 o'clock flight back to Moresby so we settled down in the little hut on the edge of the airstrip to work on the figures we had gathered during our inspection while we waited for our plane—and waited, and waited ... At 6 o'clock we went to the nearby plantation manager's house and tried unsuccessfully for the next three hours or so to contact Moresby to find out what had become of the plane. The plantation manager gave us a bed and the next morning the plane eventually turned up and we did the 'milk run' back to Moresby. A day and a half at home and I was off again, this time to Mt Hagen, Lae and Wau, not nearly so eventful a trip.

Cape Rodney provided a reminder that the roads there, while generally wider and smoother than at many places in PNG, were not without their dangers. Once when visiting a rubber plantation there I saw a badly damaged Jaguar E-Type sports car outside one of the sheds. The plantation owner told me that the local didiman had come to grief a few miles down the road some months earlier. Clearly the roads there, some paved with crushed coral which could be quite treacherous after rain, were not all that suited to testing out the capabilities of high-performance sports cars.



World Bank funding, through PNGDB, of large-scale cattle properties such as this one in the Jimi Valley, Western Highlands played a key role in developing the beef cattle industry

Chartering aircraft into some of the less accessible places was not uncommon. The large cattle property, previously mentioned, in the Jimi Valley of the Western Highlands, for example, could only be accessed on foot or by air. No prizes for guessing a chartered light aircraft was the obvious choice. It was also a great way to very quickly get a good appreciation of the extent of the operation and some of the challenges faced by the owner. Inspections there usually started on horseback, to the less accessible areas, and then in the owner's four-wheel drive vehicle.

Around Moresby the roads were generally good enough to use ordinary cars. This relative comfort was not always without its problems though. Once I had to visit a sorghum-producing property down past Kwikila so I took the Bank's Holden sedan. The inspection went smoothly but I left for home a little later than I had hoped. As I set off dark clouds were rolling in so I hurried along to beat the rain; the Kwikila dirt roads were fairly treacherous after rain in a conventional drive car. Darkness was falling quickly and a meeting with a PMV (passenger motor vehicle) going the other way saw me slip slowly into a shallow *barat* (drain) on the edge of the road. The PMV from which I took evasive action was the last vehicle that evening.

The locals were all safely back in their villages by this time and I had no way of letting anyone know where I was so I spent the night in the car on the slippery roadside. Hungry and thirsty, I was glad to see daylight and before long some passing locals helped me dig the car out of the mud with our hands. The trip back to Moresby went without further incident—or so I thought. Not long after I returned the car, muddy but otherwise in good order, to its parking spot under ANG House one of the Bank's 'pen pushers' told me I should have washed the car before returning it. After a night on the side of the road I think it's fair to say I was less than impressed—and someone else looked after the mud-spattered car!

The final instalment of my PNG story will look at a new initiative launched by the Development Bank in the 1970s—setting up its own projects to establish large-scale rural ventures in less developed parts of the country—areas that were unlikely to be viable without the injection of some Government funding. ♦



IN 2017, I had just finished reading a *Cosmos Magazine* article about archaeology in the Amazon where, over thousands of years, the jungle had become a 'food forest' as a result of food trees (especially Brazilian nut trees and others) being left or planted.

... Amazon People living there appear to have concentrated on planting tree species that were useful for food or other purposes, such as palms, Brazil nuts, cocoa and other trees to create a kind of 'prehistoric supermarket' of useful forest products ...
(*Earthworks* shed light on secret life of the Amazon', *Cosmos*, 22 February 2017)

This article stimulated my memory of the time when I as a young *didiman* (agricultural officer) at the then isolated oil palm settlement scheme of Tamba, West New Britain. I became aware that the 'rainforests' we were felling for oil palms were not virgin forests, but 'a food forest' developed by the Melanesian people who had lived there for thousands of years. Also, one of the pharmaceutical products of these forests probably saved my life from a severe attack of malaria.

On being posted to Tamba in 1968, one of my many duties was to supervise the felling of five acres of rain forest on each of the fifteen-acre settlement blocks before the block was allocated to a settler. This job of tree felling was contracted out to gangs of men who would fell the trees for an agreed sum of money. There were approximately one hundred and twenty blocks on Tamba.

Often felled trees would collapse over the recently bulldozed roads and block the road. These logs had to be cut and rolled away to allow traffic through, a big job! I had a special team to do this work and, in this team, there was a man who was from Mosa Village. His name (for this story) was Joseph Bali.

The people from Mosa Village were some of the

Food Forests of West New Britain

PETER STACE

'Food Forests.' I know about that! I have seen food forests before! I saw them in Papua New Guinea, on the Oil Palm West New Britain scheme in 1968.

original owners of the land on which Mosa Oil Palm Plantation and the settlements were being developed. The land, along with the timber rights, had been purchased from these previous owners by the government to start the West New Britain Oil Palm Project.

Joseph Bali had been allocated a settler block on Tamba settlement, where he now lived and often walked around the roads of Tamba (with his wife and children in tow) as if he still owned the land. He would tell stories about the area, but basically saying, '*Em ples bilong ol tumbuna bilong mi.*' (This is where my ancestors live). When asked where his ancestors were, he said, '*Ol i-stap nabaut, sampela i-stap long wara, na sampela long ples bilong diwai, ol i-stap.*' (They are around, some are by the river and some are where the trees are, they are all here.) He said this in a very positive and knowing way.

On one occasion, I came upon a midden of obsidian chips while I was working with this team of road clearers. The midden had been opened and disturbed by the bulldozer while making the road. These chips were black with occasional grey stripes, like glass fragments, and were about twenty-five to fifty millimetres in width and of various shapes. They were very thin and very sharp. I had heard obsidian chips were used to make cutting tools, and spear heads.

This midden had obsidian artefacts on the surface, as well as below a number of pumice layers that could be seen in the road cutting, showing people had been using this place before previous eruptions of local volcanos. I had picked up a few obsidian pieces to look at and was intrigued with what I was seeing. I had heard about the obsidian trade from Talasea.

TOP PHOTO: Felling of rainforest and road building were some of the main tasks in the development of the oil palm projects

Joseph Bali was nearby and observed me looking at the obsidian chips and said, ‘*Em i botol bilong ol tumbuna bilong mi, na dispela ples ol i kolim Bamba.*’ (That is the obsidian that belongs to our ancestors and this immediate place is called Bamba.) I tried to correct him and said, ‘I thought this place was Tamba not Bamba’.

His reply went something like this: ‘The people who sold the obsidian to our ancestors came from a place called Bamba near Talasea. They are good people so we called this place after them and the good obsidian they sold to us. This is Bamba not Tamba. You Australians called it Tamba, not us. This is my place, I know.’

I stood corrected. ‘So, your ancestors lived at this place you called Bamba?’ I asked Joseph.

‘Yes!’ he answered, ‘We would come and collect fruit from the trees, when it was the trees’ time to have fruit. We would also hunt pigs and cassowaries that would come to eat the fruit.’ Joseph continued and said, ‘Sometimes we made houses, cleared some land and planted gardens. Bamba was an important place to our ancestors.’

I had difficulty in seeing a village of people at this place, as I looked at the jumble of felled forest trees. Huge stumps of harvested timber trees, tree heads with dying saprophytes and orchids within a generally disarrayed landscape. I was in a state of arrogant disbelief. ‘How could people live here.’ I asked Joseph Bali, to which he said (in *Tok Pisin*) ‘Come and I will show you.’ Walking into the felled forest, Joseph pointed at a tree stump and said, ‘This was a mango tree, and we collected the ripe fruit when they fell to the ground’. The stump showed bright red timber where the chainsaw of the timber getters had cut the tree down. Bulldozer tracks were still visible in the pumice soil. The crown of the mango tree was a jumbled mass of broken branches and dead leaves. Small, shrivelled mango fruit could be seen in the mess of the tree head. I remember



Stone axe heads from Tamba

thinking, ‘Didn’t mangoes come from India not PNG?’

Joseph showed me the ‘towan tree’ and said it had small but sweet fruit. The fruit of the towan tree I found out later is a little like lychees. Towan is also a prized timber tree. There was a strangler fig with its roots wound around itself. A fire had been lit in the hollow centre of the tree and it had burnt the tree down. The strangler fig fruit were prized by the flying foxes and pigs which scoffed the fallen fruit, also pigeons enjoyed the fig seeds. These animals in turn were hunted by the Mosa people for their prized flesh. We saw a *galip* nut tree lying in a tangled mass as well as a bread fruit tree with immature fruit among the shattered branches.

Within this tangled mass of dead and dying vegetation was a betel nut palm (*buai*); not cut down and standing clear. The palm showed signs of having grown in the shade, but now it was free and stood out like a green flagpole over the carnage of destroyed jungle. It could now supply *buai* to the settler who would be allocated this piece of land. The tree-cutting contractors had known a *buai* palm would be appreciated and had left it standing.

He then showed me four rosewood trees (*nar*) lying on the ground, close together. They were not big like the other trees and he said they had been used as house stumps and then they had sprouted and grown into trees after the occupants of the house had gone. The house had rotted away but the growing stumps were evidence of someone’s personal space.

Joseph stopped at the trunk of a fallen tree and said, ‘This is the ancestors’ tree,’ as he pointed with his bush knife at the still green log. He continued, ‘If we chew the bark and swallow the sap, we will see our ancestors, also if we have fever, or vomiting or feeling sick it is good for that, but only eat a little as too much and it will kill you.’

At that he took his bush knife and scraped it across the green bark revealing a milky, latex type sap. He cautiously tasted it with the tip of his finger like a customs officer tastes an unknown white powder in someone’s baggage. He then offered me some and I did the same. A powerful, bitter taste like a chewed chloroquine tablet or a Seville orange, with a hint of burnt rubber, flooded through my mouth and sinuses. It was awful, I spat it out.

I immediately supposed that this sap was a hallucinogenic drug, because if the consumers of this

stuff saw their ancestors, they were having visions. I was not into that and wanted nothing more of it. The claimed pharmaceutical value I dismissed like any twenty-two-year-old who knew everything. The whole story of the ancestors’ tree I put to one side, but the food and building trees I found fascinating, and like any good agriculturalist, I asked more questions.

During this field trip into the past, Joseph Bali picked up a number of stone axe heads. Two are a dark green colour, the other a typical basalt grey with white crystals. All of them had their cutting edge broken and blunted. Joseph said the owners of these axes had died and the grieving relatives had smashed the cutting edge and then thrown the stone axes away into the bush. He gave them to me and said I could keep them as his ancestors did not need them anymore. I still have them and fifty-two years later they often give me a memory hit.

At that time, I did muse a little over the issue of clearing forests for oil palm, but I was paid to do a job and, due to the urgency of the whole program, I put the issue to one side. We had settlers to settle and oil palms to grow and in 1968 such ethics were not mainstream thought, and I don’t think they are even now. Forests are still being cleared and oil palms planted.

Sometime later, the monsoon came and rain hammered down. Rain, not a storm, but constant rain with storms imbedded in the downpour. Everything was wet and mould appeared on anything made of leather or wood. Clothes got an unforgettable odour, and personal hygiene was difficult as everything became damp. In 1968, the roads into Tamba were only bulldozed tracks, not the bitumen covered roads of today. There were no culverts to direct water away from the roads, and no bridges across small creeks. Within a few days from the start of the monsoon rains, all roads were closed, and walking was the only way to get out.

That was when I was hit with malaria. Maybe I forgot to take my chloroquine, or the background infection was too high but, after a few days of not feeling well, I came down with the fever.

The day before I came down with the fever, Joseph Bali, with his family in tow, made his regular stop at my house to say hello, to tell a joke or stories of his ancestors. I had met his family previously and this time all were there. His wife could not speak *Tok Pisin* and was very shy. His eldest daughter, Mavo,

was the opposite. She was about sixteen, had been to primary school and was proud of the fact she could speak a little English. She would demonstrate this by saying a few sentences in English then would quickly revert to *Tok Pisin*, which she spoke very rapidly. She was a bit of a chatterbox.

They all had arrived at my house, as the fever started to make my quality of life a little confusing. Due to the way I was feeling, they were not really welcome. However, with the isolation of Tamba and the monsoon rain tumbling down, I braved a timid greeting and welcomed my visitors to take shelter on the small veranda. Joseph soon realised I was not in a good humour and asked if I was okay, and I replied, ‘I think I am coming down with malaria.’ He recommended that I go to sleep and he would be back later.

He did come back some two or three days later with Mavo, carrying a small basket of pepper leaves (*daka*) and a jar of dirty-looking white liquid, which they told me was from the ancestors’ tree. In the meantime, the malaria had taken hold. I had eaten the four chloroquine tablets recommended for the treatment, but these were vomited out almost immediately. The nausea did not allow anything to stay in my stomach. The advised chloroquine tablets quickly ended up in the bucket by my bed. The promised aid post had not yet been established and the roads were closed by floodwater, so I had resigned myself to ‘sweat it out’, as others had told me of their similar experiences.

I had the standard malaria symptoms of splitting headache, hot and cold events, nausea and high temperature. I had been quite surprised at my temperature of 41°C. I thought I was going to die. Then Joseph and Mavo came carrying bush medicine and, at that moment, I knew I was going to die! Joseph and Mavo had announced themselves at the door, and just walked in, their bare feet padding across the floor to my bedroom.

Mavo was wearing a bright red hibiscus-print blouse that was held tight around her waist with a thick cowboy belt. In the state I was in, I remember the flamboyant colour irritated me. They said ‘Hi,’ asked about my welfare, and saw I was still sick. Mavo dipped a pepper leaf into the jar of white latex sap, and offered it to me with ‘*Peta, bai yu kaikai dispela daka na daunim.*’ (Peter, chew this pepper leaf and swallow it). I remember waving it away

with an undignified nauseous heave and mumbled something, which was probably very rude.

At that, Mavo popped the leaf into her mouth chewed it well, and then gave me a sloppy French kiss. It was not a passionate or friendly kiss; it was purely a therapeutic one as she pushed the wad of masticated leaf and ancestor tree sap into my mouth with her tongue. Then she put her hand over my mouth so I could not spit it out and said 'Swallow'. I was too sick to object and when she said 'swallow', I did.

The taste of bitter Seville oranges and burnt rubber enveloped my mouth and sinuses; I thought I would be sick but I wasn't. Soon the sense of nausea vanished, but the hallucinations started. In 1968, *Doctor Who* had not yet come onto television, but the hallucinations were like the start of a *Doctor Who* program; a twisting colour vortex of familiar music and images of important things in my life mixed into this moving kaleidoscope of turbulence. Even now, whenever I watch *Dr Who* shows, I have a memory of this time.

Within the hallucinations there were shelves of books, as though I was lost in a library; shelves of books with no names. They flowed past within this nightmare whirlpool. The rows of no label books flowed past until at last the books I had read showed with their authors and titles. Then there was the music.

During my time at Tamba I had a battery-powered record player and a collection of a few records. There was Beethoven's 'Sixth Symphony', Mozart's 'Horn Concerto' as well as Nancy Sinatra and Lee Hazelwood and their 'Boots' album and the song, 'These boots are made for walking'. I often played these records in my spare time when I had batteries to power the plastic music box. The music would blast out across the jungles of Tamba with all the strength of six 'D' size batteries that were probably going flat.

These songs and music were the audio part of the hallucinations as the ancestors' tree sap worked its magic. The fusion of Beethoven, Mozart, Nancy Sinatra and Lee Hazelwood was interesting! (Does a young man really need drugs to have hallucinations about Nancy Sinatra?)

I had come from a strong Christian family and my personal faith is an important part of my life. The words 'I will see Jesus in Tamba' were part of my hallucinating.

The images of books, music and the words of 'I will see Jesus in Tamba' in a *Dr Who* whirlpool were not my only companions during this malaria time, as Mavo stayed in the house. She was either sitting or sleeping across my bedroom door. She was not talking; just sitting or lying down on the floor. This was strange as she was normally a chatterbox. She must have had a bit of a hit of the ancestors' tree sap too, so perhaps she was spinning out. I gave her a bed sheet and pillow, which she curled up with. She was unaware of me, as I had to step over her to go to the bathroom. But it was good to know someone else was close by.

These hallucinations lasted until the fever left and I knew I was okay, but weak. Not only had the fever and hallucinations gone, but Mavo had also gone, back to her family, her space, and where things were familiar.

I felt a little sad.

A few days later the rain had stopped and the sun was shining. Joseph Bali and his family were passing by my house and asked how I was. I was sitting on my veranda soaking up the sun like a lizard on a rock, as I was still getting my strength back. I found that sitting in the sun helped.

'Getting better,' I said, 'and thanks for the help, I appreciated it.' Mavo waved my thanks away and said, excitedly, 'Did you meet the ancestors?'

I was going to say 'no' but realised I had been made aware of some of the most powerful ancestors of my culture; Jesus, Beethoven, Mozart, Nancy Sinatra, and Lee Hazelwood, as well as all the books and authors of fame. All have made an impact on me, let alone Western Society! 'Yes,' I said, 'I didn't see yours but I saw mine. They were writers, music makers, and Jesus. They told me to read lots of books, listen to lots of music, and care about others. Did you meet your ancestors?'

'Oh yes,' she replied, 'I met my grandmother; she told me to look after you, so I stayed across the door to stop the ghosts getting to you.'

'Thanks,' I called out to her as Joseph Bali and his family moved away, 'and thank your grandmother next time you see her.' ♦

Suggested Readings:

'Earthworks shed light on secret life of the Amazon', *Cosmos*, 22 February 2017

'Obsidian Sources at Talasea, West New Britain PNG', *Journal of the Polynesian Society*, Vol. 90, 1981, No. 3, Jim Specht 1981

A Trail-Blazing Maritime Strategist

**VICE ADMIRAL
PETER JONES,
ANI President**

**On 18 October 2020
Commodore Sam Bateman,
AM, RAN, died aged
eighty-two. He was one
of the leading maritime
strategists of his
generation and has left a
significant legacy.**



Commodore Walter Samuel Grono
(Sam) Bateman, AM, RAN

SAM WAS BORN in Cottesloe, WA on 4 May 1938 and joined the Royal Australian Naval College as an Intermediate Entry cadet-midshipman in 1954. Among his class of thirty-two was a future Chief of Naval Staff, Ian MacDougall, two Rear Admirals—Jerry Carwardine and Tony Hunt and four Commodores—Max Sulman, Phil Mulcare, Peter Mitchell and Sam.

There must have been a strong group dynamic from the start amongst the twenty-eight Australians and four New Zealanders—all would graduate from the college, an achievement managed by only a handful of other entries.

Soon after becoming a qualified seaman officer Sam joined the patrol tug HMAS *Emu* based in Darwin. He was soon involved in the rescue of the American magician, John Calvert, and stayed onboard the disabled yacht, *Sea Fox*, until she could be beached on Elcho Island. He was then appointed Executive Officer of the armament store carrier HMAS *Woomera*. On 11 October 1960 the ship was disposing of 140 tons of time-expired ammunition twenty-three miles off Sydney Heads when an explosion occurred and then a fire took hold. *Woomera* sank with the loss of two sailors. The unconfirmed cause of the explosion was thought to be a parachute flare, which contained a friction igniter which may have been triggered. Sam and his captain were both court-martialled and acquitted.

Nevertheless, Sam's career prospects were now uncertain. To his good fortune he was appointed to the newly-commissioned frigate HMAS *Parramatta* under the command of Commander Guy Griffiths. *Parramatta* and the equally new HMAS *Yarra* undertook a busy south-east Asian deployment in which Sam was able to meet his captain's exacting standards. Happily, during his time in *Parramatta* Sam married Lois, and at the end of his time in the ship, Guy Griffiths recommended Sam for a sea command.

The first of Sam's four sea commands came soon enough when he became commanding officer of the general-purpose vessel HMAS *Bass* in January 1963. Soon after *Bass* was home-ported in Darwin. During his time on *Bass* he rescued fishermen from the grounded *Paleron*, as well as discovering the wreckage of a missing RAAF *Vultee Vengeance* on a remote stretch of the Arnhem Land coast. Some charts of that region at this time relied on nineteenth-century surveys. Sam took an interest in updating them and was awarded the 1964 Shadwell Testimonial Prize (which dates back to 1890) by British Admiralty for the best survey of a coastline or anchorage by a non-hydrographer.

In 1967 Sam was selected to commission the predominantly PNG-manned HMAS *Aitape*, the first of the Attack Class patrol boats destined for the PNG Patrol Boat Squadron. Through engagement with his ship's company, Sam developed a deep interest in the complexities of PNG, and later Pacific islander, societies and cultures. As a newly-promoted Lieutenant Commander, Sam was made Senior Officer of the Squadron and helped develop the operational and

administrative orders for the new boats. The five new boats were based at HMAS *Tarangau*, the revitalised Manus Island naval base. These were happy days for Sam and Lois and their young family. During his tenure *Aitape*, in company with HMAS *Ladava*, steamed 230 miles up the Sepik River.

Whilst in command of *Aitape*, Sam studied for a Bachelor of Economics degree graduating in 1970, just before becoming Executive Officer of *Parramatta*. In late 1971 Sam returned to New Guinea for a formative appointment as Naval Officer in Charge Port Moresby and Director of Maritime Operations. Both he and Jim Nockels, the Australian Defence Representative in Port Moresby, advocated, largely unsuccessfully, for a more maritime focused PNG Defence Force rather than one that was more land-centric. For Sam the links between defence policy, broader security and economic issues were clearly visible in PNG as the country approached independence. (For more insight into this period, listen to Sam in the three-part Australian Navy History podcasts on the RAN in PNG.)

In 1975 Sam joined the Australian Naval Institute one month after its formation. He would go on its council as postings allowed, as well as being the editor of its journal and a regular contributor to the institute's activities. He remained an active member for the rest of his life.

In 1977 Sam was given his third sea command, the trial ship for the Australian Mulloka sonar, the frigate HMAS *Yarra*. Promoted to Captain in June 1980 he served as Director of Naval Force Development and conducted a study on

maritime trade. He then joined the Strategic and International Policy (SIP) Division and was involved in the finalisation of the UN Convention of the Law of the Sea (UNCLOS). He also took part in the work to produce the influential Oceans of Wealth Report. Within SIP he again worked with Jim Nockels who said:

Sam contributed in no small way to a better understanding of Australia's maritime security environment. He worked tirelessly, and with great humour, encouraging associates and students to broaden their understanding of Australia's geostrategic position and the importance of maritime power to Australia's security. I recall the enthusiasm he brought to SIP Division in focusing on the vital importance of the Law of the Sea and maritime issues at a time when our defence planning was heavily dominated by land operations. I will always remember him as open and jovial, even if you disagreed with him. His enthusiasm was contagious and continuous. Sam made a long-lasting contribution to our strategic thinking and the development of a more balanced Australian defence capability.

Sam's final sea command was the destroyer HMAS *Hobart* which undertook a deployment to Canada and the US West coast for the Royal Canadian Navy's 75th Anniversary Review. On the deployment *Hobart* visited Pago Pago where Sam was delighted that he and some of his men were invited to a traditional Samoan feast. Sam's navigator Lou Rago later wrote:

This occasion showed his very sincere interest in people, diverse cultures and possibly how such engagements are the essence of good diplomacy.

Sam had not specialised in a warfare discipline, and was one of the few 'salt horses' to command a destroyer during that time. He brought to *Hobart* well-developed command, seamanship and shiphandling skills. In particular, Sam had a remarkable 'seaman's eye' with the ability to finely judge the relative velocity of ships at sea. He also had an ability to 'keep an eye on several simmering pots at the same time', and was well liked by his officers and sailors for his courtesy and patience, and lucid expression of what he wanted.

Sam returned to Canberra once more. The most significant of his final three postings was, in the rank of Commodore, as Director General of the new Maritime Studies Program (DGMSPP). This was

a case of an officer brimming full of ideas supported by a Chief of Naval Staff, in this case the formidable Vice Admiral Michael Hudson, with an untypically keen interest in naval strategy. Sam was able to establish both the organisational structure that was to later become the Sea Power Centre Australia and provide the intellectual content and rigour for a world class organisation. Importantly, Sam was able to harness the energies of many officers and academics to produce works on contemporary and historical naval issues.

After retiring from the Navy, Sam took up the role of founding Director of the Centre of Maritime Policy (CMP) at the University of Wollongong. Very much Sam's inspiration, CMP was established in 1994 as a joint venture between the RAN and the university, with a view to providing academic analysis and supporting training in maritime affairs. With Sam's extensive contacts and previous maritime studies within Navy, CMP was quickly a very successful venture, starting a long-standing collaboration that continues to this day. CMP, which changed its name in 2005 to the Australian National Centre for Ocean Resources and Security (ANCORS), has educated many Navy officers over the past twenty-five years. Sam also founded the CMP's Law of the Sea short courses, with the first being delivered during 1994. The courses remain popular and have continued since that time, even being delivered virtually during the year of COVID-19.

Sam also completed a PhD at the University of New South Wales in 2000 entitled 'The Strategic and Political Aspects of the Law of the Sea in East Asian Seas', much of which he wrote while CMP Director. He proved to be a prolific author, writing and editing dozens of books and academic journal articles, on a range of maritime strategic issues in East, South-East and South Asia, and remaining in great demand as a conference speaker right up to the time of his passing.

In 1999 Sam retired from the University of Wollongong, but retained an association and becoming an Honorary Professorial Fellow of the university. In retirement, he remained extremely active in academic affairs; soon after leaving Wollongong he began what proved a long and productive association with the S. Rajaratnam School of International Studies (RSIS) at Nanyang

Technological University, in Singapore. Sam remained an advisor to the Maritime Security Programme at RSIS for almost two decades, splitting his time between Australia and Singapore each year. While his time in Singapore reduced over the years, Sam was still presenting seminars at RSIS in his eightieth year.

While the study of maritime affairs remained a life-long intellectual interest for Sam, he also retained a deep love of the sea. In his final days he was taking part in his beloved annual family sailing holiday in the Whitsundays. Although not well, he had a great time 'driving the yacht around like a destroyer and seeking out the elusive tuna'. As soon as the boat returned alongside, Sam said he needed to go to Proserpine Hospital where he died the following day.

Sam Bateman was generous in nature. His friendship and fellowship will be missed by all those who had the honour to have known him. In expressing his sadness on learning of Sam's death, Colonel Reg Renagi, PNGDF, wrote that Sam 'had a heart for the PNG Navy from its very humble beginnings'. Sam has left an indelible mark on the RAN and the study of maritime affairs. He also wrote a two-part article for *PNG KUNDU*, March & June 2020 issues, titled 'The Royal Australian Navy and the PNGDF Maritime Element'.

Sam is survived by his wife Lois, son Simon and daughters Emma and Sarah and their children. ♦

Extract from the obituary for Commodore Sam Bateman, AM, RAN, by the president of the Australian Naval Institute, Vice Admiral Peter Jones, AO, DSC—
<https://navalinstitute.com.au/>



HMAS *Aitape*



Sam Bateman on the right with colleague, Dr Anthony Bergin, and the Commanding Officer of PNGS *Tarangau* on Lombrum wharf, April 2017

A History of TAA Bristol Freighters Flown in New Guinea

RON AUSTIN



Why were Trans Australia Airlines (TAA) pilots in the Territory of Papua New Guinea (TPNG) flying secondhand freighter aircraft from Pakistan?

IN 1948 THE Pakistan Air Force ordered a batch of Bristol Brigand fighter-bombers from the UK, but then cancelled the order. The British refused to cancel but substituted Bristol Freighters (B170s) in the contract. Pakistan did not want these strange aircraft, but eventually seventy-one Freighters were ferried from England to Pakistan. Apparently, they provided satisfactory service for their Air Force.

In 1959 the Australian Government decided to replace Qantas in TPNG with the domestic airline, TAA, which would take over all passenger and freight flights. At that time the largest aircraft Qantas had in TPNG were Douglas DC3s. TAA realised that a larger aircraft was needed to move the heavy cargo expected to be carried in TPNG in the near future.

Ansett Airlines (operating as Mandated Airlines-MAL) were also flying in TPNG in opposition to Qantas. It was decided that TAA and MAL, as competing freight carriers, would make a joint purchase from Pakistan of seven surplus Bristol Freighters. Australian crews flew these to Australia in 1961—three for MAL and four for TAA. After arrival, selected aircraft were serviced by their respective airlines and then flown to TPNG. TAA

planned to use two in TPNG and to retain two in Australia for replacement parts.

Some upgrades were completed in Australia by TAA to improve the safety of operations in TPNG. One major change was to replace the Bristol brakes (typically English, unreliable, air activated bag brakes) with DC6 hydraulic brakes. TAA fitted a converter which turned the original air pressure brakes into hydraulic pressure. The original air brakes had already failed dangerously during a training flight at Mangalore airport.

Captain Ivan Neil told a hair-raising story of this brake bag failure. When the aircraft first arrived in Melbourne, Ivan was one of two captains being endorsed on the type by a senior TAA check pilot. During this training at Mangalore, the other trainee was in the captain's seat doing circuits and landings and Ivan decided to watch a landing by lying down below on the floor of the cargo hold and looking through the Perspex panel fitted into the lower part of the door. After a smooth touch down, the brakes were applied and the pressure bag in one wheel brake failed. Ivan hung on to the floor as well as he could while the aircraft turned left, ran off the edge of the runway then was steered, by rudder,

back onto the hard stuff. Ivan said he would never go down there again ...

The TAA Bristol Freighters commenced their flights in TPNG in 1961; VH-TBB in June, and VH-TBA in September. Their large load capacity was needed because the Administration began constructing a road from Lae to Mt Hagen in the Highlands. For the project they needed trucks, bridge girders, bulldozers, tractors, graders and similar gear which could only reach the Highlands in an aircraft as large as the Bristol.

On different occasions I flew complete D4 Caterpillar tractors, a road grader, stripped of its engine, but complete with the blade still attached, and trucks into the Highlands. All these were unloaded onto our portable ramps at destination. When carrying trucks, the wheels were often removed and they were rolled in on their brake drums. This lowered the truck so it could be moved far enough into the hull to enable shutting the door. Our cargo staff became quite versatile at finding solutions to loading difficulties.

When all necessary work was completed the aircraft flew to Lae to commence freight operations. TAA decided that the first flight in TPNG would be celebrated by inviting local dignitaries to watch the first scheduled flight. At the insistence of TAA management, Captain Neal left on this flight in very marginal weather conditions. Immediately he departed the tower declared 'Lae airport is closed to all operations'. Shortly after, on climb out, one engine failed and had to be shut down. Captain Neil advised by radio, 'Returning to land at Lae'. The tower told him the airport was closed and his reply was 'Well, I am just about to re-open it'. This was typical of Ivan's positive approach as a captain. All ended well with the dignitaries observing the Bristol's single engine performance.

The Bristols operated from Madang, the centre for freight transfer into the interior of TPNG. The airport was close to the cargo wharf and within a short flight to Highlands airstrips. It had a single, sealed bitumen runway for all departures and arrivals. Most of the Highlands airstrips we used were either loose dirt or grass—very slippery when wet. Many strips were one-way operations: land uphill and then take off in the reverse direction, downhill.

TAA pilots flying the Bristol in TPNG usually completed a ground theory course in Australia before their posting. Flight training for the endorsement was conducted in Madang. Those pilots converting to the Bristol soon appreciated the suitability of this aircraft to carry freight. It was easy to load and unload, and the power/weight ratio was superior to the DC3s making it much safer to fly in marginal conditions.

The large Bristol Hercules sleeve valve engines were powerful and rather more complex to handle than the DC3's Pratt and Whitney engines. The first flight of the day required a long idling period to raise the temperature of the thick engine oil to a satisfactory viscosity. For engine starts at high-altitude strips, priming of the fuel system was radically different to the procedure used at sea level. Also, we could not rely on the aircraft petrol gauges. After refuelling, the small quantity of fuel we carried could only be guaranteed if each tank total was measured by hand with a wooden dip stick. This task fell to our young First Officers (FOs).

After each refuel at Madang, the FO would climb past the radio rack behind the crew seats, open a hatch and climb out on top of the fuselage. Then it was a dangerous walk along the top of the wings to reach the fuel caps and check the quantity of petrol with the dip stick. Looking into the large wing tanks the amount of fuel in the bottom always seemed tiny. There was a very real danger of slipping off the wing or the fuselage top. This was in 1963—today's health and safety requirements would not allow it.

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Wabag air strip

Tony Friend Scholarship for Telefomin & Oksapmin Students

MARIA WRONSKA-FRIEND

Tony Friend, a kiap who also worked as a development officer and community liaison officer, spent more than thirty years in remote areas of Papua New Guinea. For almost half of the time he was based at Oksapmin and Telefomin in the cloud-covered mountains of the West Sepik Province.

SADLY TONY DIED in Cairns in August 2017 (see *Una Voce*, December 2017). His life was fondly remembered not only by his Australian colleagues, but also by Papua New Guinea people.

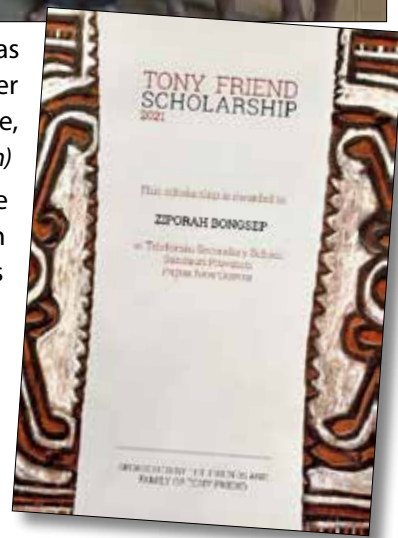
Tony greatly valued education and during his years in PNG he supported a number of high school and college students. Therefore, to commemorate Tony's life, his family and friends decided to set up the Tony Friend Scholarship to support students



TOP: Tony Friend as Assistant District Officer at the Oksapmin office, 1978 (Photo Tom Moylan)

ABOVE: Some of the 2020 Oksapmin High School recipients of Tony Friend Scholarship (Photo Glenda Giles)

RIGHT: Tony Friend Scholarship Diploma



at Telefomin and Oksapmin (Tekin) High Schools. Remoteness and the high cost of air freight mean that the day students have to pay an annual fee of 1,100 Kina, while boarding students pay 1,600 Kina. Parents in those remote locations, with limited sources of income, frequently find it difficult to pay the school fees.

The project started in early 2018 and, initially, four students from both schools received financial support. In the following years the number of sponsored students significantly increased. Last year twenty-two students received Tony Friend Scholarships worth 25,580 Kina. In 2021 the project grew even further, with twelve sponsors from six countries—USA, Canada, UK, Germany, Poland and Australia—donating a total of 27,000 Kina (approximately A\$10,000). The recipients of the scholarship are selected by high school principals and teachers. Priority is given to students who have good academic results but whose parents have no regular source of income, or who are from incomplete families. The money is paid directly into the school account.

In December 2020 the first Oksapmin students, Raino Selot from Daburap and Jackford Harmon from Tomianap, completed Grade 12 with excellent results. Subsequently, they enrolled at the University of Technology in Lae to study electrical engineering as well as applied physics and electronics.

Nowadays, internet access is common even in such remote parts of PNG as Telefomin District, with Facebook becoming the accepted way of communication. Once the information of the Tony Friend Scholarship was announced on the Facebook

pages of the Telefomin District Forum, dozens of comments were posted. Here are some of them:

Jackson Pinen

Congratulations to the recipients of the sponsorship. The name Tony Friend is still alive today and for the years to come.

Atemkiak Amkun

I feel humbled and touched by this simple but very beneficial scholarship program by the family of this great man who lived among us throughout the 80s and 90s. Born and grew up in the 80s, had fond childhood memories of this most popular expert and a pioneer among the Trefols who contributed to the district development back then. Though he is no longer with us, his name lives on to tell a story that my son will know through this program. Thank you, Maria Friend and other family members. God

may bless your kind hearts. He was truly a pioneer developer for us.

Titwii Elhayabrel Nilmonz

Thanks for your support and great initiative to our students... May Lord Above bless you, your families, your friends and nation where you are living and support our students.

Enick Caltez Neckols

Thank you for the opportunity provided for educating our children. With such opportunities, the future looks promising.

The Tony Friend Scholarship program will run for ten years, benefiting the Telefomin and Oksapmin High School students at least until 2027. For further information, please contact: tonyfriendscholarship@gmail.com

A History of TAA Bristol Freighters Flown in New Guinea

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Our engineers coped very well with their job of keeping the Bristols flying with minimal equipment. Most daily maintenance was done in the hot sun, with no shade. They even kept spanners cool in a bucket of water while working outside.

We had many serviceability problems the designers did not anticipate. For one, the tail wheel had an electric solenoid lock that was released for taxiing; before take-off it was locked to keep the aircraft straight on the runway. When operating on wet grass strips in the Highlands, mud would cover the solenoid. During the flight back to Madang the mud would solidify, so sometimes after landing the electric solenoid's power was not enough to withdraw the lock and enable us to swing the tail to taxi. This meant the aircraft stayed on the runway while the FO exited by the top hatch, walked down the fuselage and jumped off at the tail. He then lay on the ground with the aircraft fire axe and hammered the locking pin to loosen the mud.

Completion of the road to Mt Hagen reduced the quantity of heavy air freight required to be carried from Madang into Goroka, Mt Hagen, Minj, Banz, Baiyer River and the other major towns. We removed the need for B170s by lifting all that heavy gear into the Highlands. The transport system could now run without us.

Finally, in 1967 after five years of intensive work in TPNG, TAA removed the Bristols and sold them in Australia to Air Express. Of our two Madang-

based aircraft, VH-TBB continued flying with Air Express and VH-TBA was stripped for spares in Brisbane.

I acknowledge the help of many TAA colleagues in writing this story. ♦



Loading fuel drums

Gemo Island Hospital: After the War

MYRA MACEY
Part Two



Gemo Hospital, 1961

IN JULY 1946, Sister Constance 'Paul' Fairhall returned to Papua and was able to round up patients, old and new, and with some original staff, return to Gemo. It had grown from three to seven wards with tin sheds serving as dispensary, theatre, store and X-Ray room, without a machine! The hospital was still a mission-government joint venture but on more defined lines. Paul brought a second sister, Rachel Leighton, from Tasmania. Paul's experience of the country led to her relieving on mission stations while missionaries were on leave. Rachel was soon at the helm of Gemo, where she remained for fourteen years. She learned Motu and started training the medical orderlies. They were examined by the health department and given Administration Servant grading. Their numbers increased. Some came as a patient or accompanying a patient. Some had served as carriers or aides in the war. They took on additional roles such as clerk, storeman, carpenter and mixed skills. They married, reared families, and moulded Gemo into a remarkable community.

By the time Gemo closed in 1974 the twelve men still on the staff had a total of 200 years' service. They were the backbone of the community. Paul's second book on the years from 1946 to 1950 was called *Island of Happiness*. In 1956 film producer Maslyn Williams, while making a feature film on PNG, made a short film on Gemo called *Happy Island*. It is still around today.

Paul wrote of Rachel's initiation:

The ancient army refrigerator minus handle, trays and chimney top consumed kerosene all day but remained warm. Finally, we stood it on its head, slapped it and said 'words' to it and now it works. The stove does too, with its bottom held in place by wire. Rachel's first bucket shower dropped a downpour on her head. She has a grand sense of humour though last night, on her way to the small house out the back, a flying fox swooped on her instead of his intended pawpaw [which] was unnerving!

The health services were more organised. Gemo was supervised by European Medical Assistants (EMAs) and doctors. From the 1950s Dr Stan Wigley was the tuberculosis specialist and Dr Douglas Russell the leprologist. Drugs, dressings and rations were supplied. A launch did return trips three times a week. It was the beginning of forms, reports, audits and inventories. Rachel was called matron. In subsequent years the staff never addressed future sisters thus. I arrived on Gemo a few weeks after Rachel left in 1960. I learned not to question an action if I was told 'Matron did it this way.' On her first leave, Rachel recruited secretary Jennie Beighton from Melbourne.

In the postwar years people drifted from villages to the city seeking work and the bright lights. Infectious diseases were spreading. The Gemo population grew; records show between 300 and 400. They lived in reasonable harmony united by illness. Gemo was a microcosm, reflecting the diversity of PNG. Paul once recorded about forty different languages on the island.

A unique part of the team was the labour squad of long-term prisoners from Port Moresby gaol, with a policeman in charge. He had a gun with one bullet for emergencies, which he left with one of the prisoners when off duty. They were accommodated and fed. They had a good lifestyle and did the heavier work. Some prisoners on completing their sentences were employed in the hospital. The policeman and his family were so much at home that his leave was spent on the island. He and his wife fostered children, as was sometimes needed when a mother was sick or died, or a lone child admitted.

Other sisters were recruited to assist Rachel when Paul was elsewhere. Anne Cole, an English sister, had not been there long when a boatload of new patients arrived at Gemo from the Gulf District escorted by an unwashed and bearded young man, who Anne

did not think much of, but she used to say he cleaned up remarkably well and introduced himself as the Rev. Herbert Brown, missionary in charge of the Moru District.¹ They married and worked together in the Gulf for many years and their remarkable story is told in the book, *Bert Brown of Papua*.²

Avis Martin from England arrived in 1947 and spent a year on Gemo before being moved to Kapuna in the Gulf where she became involved in the development of Maternal and Child Health nurse training for the next twenty years. Another tale worth recording.

Sister Gwladys Clatworthy, worked with Rachel in 1949. Rachel went on leave and returned in a fashionable suit, hat and gloves. Not the sort of clothes for Gemo but just right for Gwladys to go to Sydney the next day on leave. Life changed for Gwladys on that leave and she returned to Papua as Mrs Frank (the Reverend) Butler. They were district missionaries at Metoreia, the mission at Hanuabada, for twenty years.

In 1950 three LMS recruits arrived and were introduced on Gemo before being appointed elsewhere. Rachel decided Joan Phillips was right for Gemo and the other two went elsewhere. Over the next twenty-three years Joan was involved in leprosy and tuberculosis, but her main contribution was the development of an associated leprosy and tuberculosis clinic at the Oroko Health Centre in the Gulf, where many Gemo patients came from.

Lenna Wadsley was a friend of Rachel's from Hobart. In 1954 she visited Gemo, and loved Papua so much she stayed and worked at the Port Moresby General Hospital at Ela Beach. She spent weekends on Gemo. On Saturday afternoons Rachel would set her to work in the kitchen baking for the following week's visitor teas. Her eckles cakes were in great demand. About 1957 Jennie went on leave and Lenna was given time off from her job to relieve in the Gemo office. In 1961 she was back relieving Jennie when I was on Gemo.

In 1949 the first Samoan sisters joined the team, and over the next fifteen years carried on the Samoan link started by Auana and Vaaiga who, near retirement, offered to help Paul in 1937. By the sixties, nurse training was established in Papua. Government policy decreed that Samoan nurses would only be accepted if they had New Zealand or equivalent certificates in addition to their Samoan

training. So, this valuable contribution to Gemo staff was gradually phased out.

In the 1950s new drugs improved the treatment of both diseases. In the 1960s physiotherapy and reconstructive surgery helped leprosy disabilities. Specialist staff with physiotherapy and laboratory skills were added, and a builder to rebuild the old hospital. This was the era of short-term overseas volunteers who brought new life to Gemo.

New drugs, surgery and a better understanding of infectious diseases reduced the need for isolation, and management of both diseases was absorbed into general health services. In 1974 Gemo, and similar institutions, were phased out. I was the last Gemo sister. Some of the staff were ready for retirement and a few moved on to hospital or village aid post work. ♦

ENDNOTES

1. Often missions had different names than the administration for villages and areas. The Moru District of the LMS covered what was once the Kukipi Sub-District, later the Malalaua Sub-District and is now the Kerema District (and electorate). There were two main LMS stations in the Moru District—Iokea near the Central border and Koaru further to the west towards Kerema. HA (Bert) Brown spent most of his years in Iokea before 'retiring' in Hohola, Moresby. He was a great linguist and amateur anthropologist. He wrote many papers on myths and legends in the *Toaripi* (sometimes referred to as *Moru*) language, translated the Bible and compiled the *Toaripi/English-English/Toaripi Dictionary*.
2. Garry Saunders' book, *Bert Brown of Papua*, certainly records much of the man's work, and Amirah Inglis tells of her experiences with Bert in her contribution 'Into the Gulf' in the book, *Our Time but Not Our Place—Voices of Expatriate Women in Papua New Guinea* (Myra Jean Bourke et al).

EDITOR'S CORRECTION: The photo in *PNG KUNDU*, June 2020, page 24, was incorrectly attributed as Constance Fairhall. It was a photo of Avis Martin, another LMS sister.



Joan Phillips and Constance Fairhall in 1971, when they left Papua after a total of sixty years service



B17 fuselage at
Kalom Plantation, 1969

The Boluminski Highway

BEVYNNE TRUSS

My first memories of going down the Boluminski Highway were the animals—village pigs, chickens, dogs. The birds took off sometimes nearly hitting my elbow as it hung out the window.

PASSING UTU HIGH School, at Panapai, if you looked across to the ocean there were three half-submerged Japanese tanks deliberately driven there to prevent the Allies getting them. By 2011 they had become part of the reef. Local kids knew nothing about those tanks.

At Lemakot I observed coral-built fences with head posts on each side of the village displaying the carved head with a cap denoting a German captain from the previous colonial administration. Fangalawa was to be the road junction to the planned road to the west coast. Further on, at Lemakot Mission with its high-steepled church, was a garden with war relics.

We had a grader to service at Lakuramau Plantation, now called Poliamba with its oil palm factory. We pulled in there, took the Allis Chalmers grader onto the beach under the coconuts and started servicing. No environmental considerations then! We let the oil soak into sand. When lunch time came, I stripped to my underdaks and joined two or three mechanics in the soda water. I always had Francis and Linus with me.

Further down at Konos there was a Public Works Department (PWD) depot. There was a large shed and we could do our servicing under cover out of the coastal rain. There we towed, from Bolegila Plantation, an Austin tipper truck with a blown head gasket.

At Bolegila there were a few WWII Japanese trucks used by the Stanfield family (former coastwatchers) scattered among the coconuts. I scavenged for odd nuts and bolts. It was near here, while about to cross a river, a huge family pig jumped out and hit the Land Rover. I bowled it over and it fell into the creek. The village women cried out, '*Em i kilim pik*'. The mechanics in the cab said keep going. The pig would be eaten that day anyway. Bolegila, built by Old Man Stanfield, was a marvellous place constructed mainly in concrete. The house had tile floors and was built on a cliff overlooking the sea. It was later purchased by NBPOL (New Britain Palm Oil Limited).

There were a number of other PWD depots along the road. When we got the International we could do a fair bit of work under cover.

After a front wheel bearing repair to a Ford tractor at Belik Plantation, while going into Namatanai a prisoner with grey *laplap* marked with black arrows suddenly appeared from behind a hedge. He was heading back to work with equipment on the other side of the road after he got a drink of water at the tank behind the District Office. I skidded to a stop but, sadly, ran into him. '*No wori tingkim*' from one of the mechanics. We gingerly loaded him onto the tray and delivered him straight to the

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A Memorable Experience

Kiunga Sub-District, North Fly District

BILL (JW) GORNALL, Didiman—Part Three

On transfer from Kandrian (West New Britain District), and after visiting Regional Office (Syd Saville was Regional Rural Development Officer (RRDO), followed by Fred Kleckham and Mick Belfield) and Konedobu HQ in Port Moresby, on 13 October 1970 I flew by DC3 to Daru, District HQ for the Western District, Papua Region.

THERE, DISTRICT RURAL Development Officer (DRDO) Ian Pendergast introduced me to the various other administrative staff, including District Commissioner (DC) Ken Brown, Fred Parker (District Local Government Officer) and Bill Bates (Public Works Department—PWD). I also met George Craig and his crocodiles, including Charlie (now resident on Green Island off Cairns) and opened accounts at trade stores operated by Jack Sweeney and Bernie Seeto. Ian also introduced me to the cash crop, rubber.

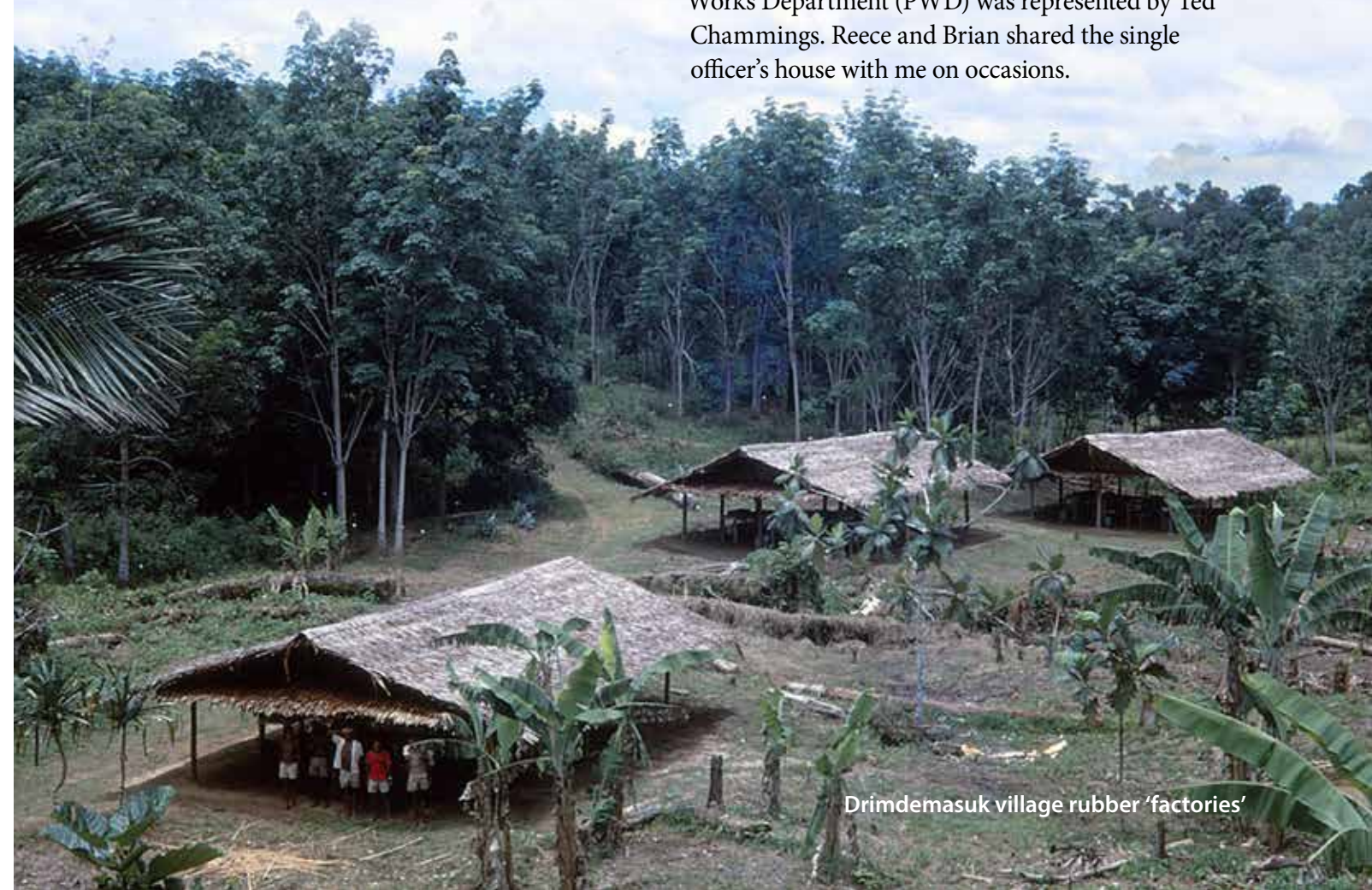
On 15 October I flew for 1 hr 15 min in an Aztec charter to my new posting at Kiunga, a small government outpost situated by the Fly River and only about 100 ft (30 m) ASL.

Some 250 miles (400 km) by air, it is twice that

distance by boat due to the flat nature of the marshy landscape and resultant meandering of the Fly River. A year later I had occasion to travel from Daru to Kiunga on the MV *Anzana*. Stopping at night, midst zillions of mosquitoes, the trip took five days.

The Kiunga Sub-District (SD) covered an area of 7,400 sq mi (19,000 square km) with a population of 18,166 (1972 census).

Government expatriate employees stationed during my time at Kiunga included Assistant District Commissioner (ADC) Barry Creedy (who subsequently handed over to G Gomara), other Kiaps Reece Carpenter, Ivar Lenfield, Eric Young, Charlie Brillante, Brian Murray and Terry Hadlow. Bill Laphorne, of the Defence Force, reconnoitred the border with West Irian (Irian Jaya) and Public Works Department (PWD) was represented by Ted Chamming. Reece and Brian shared the single officer's house with me on occasions.



Drimdemasuk village rubber 'factories'

Rubber was the main cash crop in the Kiunga SD. The first rubber stumps were planted in 1965 under the supervision of George Greenwood (refer *Una Voce*, March 2011). Plantings were increased under the management of Rural Development Officer (RDO) John Serjeantson. Upon arrival I did a handover-takeover from Assistant Rural Development Officer (ARDO) Mota Varago. John returned shortly after leave to show me the ropes. (He had graduated a year ahead of me at Wagga Agricultural College, NSW).

Together we patrolled much of the rubber-growing territory, travelling at times in the government workboat MV *Emerald*, at others in the DASf de Havilland river truck—a flat-bottomed vessel about 18 ft (5.3 m) long, propelled usually by a 35 hp Mercury outboard, and ideal for ferrying loads of rubber stumps and navigating the numerous small streams to reach villages. We also had use of a 14 ft Tradewind dinghy from pool with a 20 hp outboard. Motorised, long dugout canoes were the mode of travel on water until quite recently.

For extracurricular activity John got me up on a pair of water skis. The river truck wasn't particularly fast and I barely managed to stay upright on the Fly River with its swift flow and eddies. We ventured inside a billabong. I fell off frequently as he swerved



First shipment of rubber bales from Kiunga (top); and the author (right)



around bushes and I mostly failed to follow in his wake. We laughed so much that I often submerged. John departed for a Madang posting early in December.

Weeks following his departure I took a spotlight and checked out this billabong. Yep—numerous crocs were watching ... the salty variety. Afterwards, when travelling the waterways in daylight, it was not uncommon to see them sunning themselves. Higher numbers were visible at night. We ranged alongside the odd swimmer longer than the river truck and quickly veered away. To sustain mature croc numbers, the maximum belly width of saleable skins was a designated 20 in (50 cm). We potted the odd animal, shotgun with .22 backup in case the cartridge was a dud, but no longer than about 8 ft (2.5 m). Villagers skinned and retained the carcasses and I sold the skins in Daru, which paid for fuel. The meat was an occasional, tasty supplement when away on patrol, often for weeks at a time.

The furthest rubber block villages were reached eight hours south, downriver by river truck, at Membok, adjacent to the Binge River, a Fly tributary. That was with an extra engine. Karengu was just an hour's walk further on. Transporting a load of rubber stumps was a much slower story. Fuel for the return journey upstream was offloaded at D'Albertis Junction (Fly and Ok Tedi confluence), and Erehta on the downward leg. We ran low on fuel only once on this trip and four of us paddled down the Binge River to Kukujaba for seven hours one day to conserve reserves for the upstream section on the Fly.

Membok village conjures up a memory, too, of being chased. Along with the two staff members with me on patrol, as we ventured out to hunt up tea. I was ahead on the narrow walking track through dense rainforest scouting for pigeon when suddenly the staff raced past shouting 'Snek!' (Snake!) A thrill a second, for chasing perhaps thirty metres behind was a sizeable Papuan Black snake. I hared off after my two assistants, pretty nimbly being barefooted. It was with some trepidation when sometime later we retraced steps to our canoe.

Fortunately, the majority of villages involved in the rubber scheme were located within half that travel time by water. DASf staff spent approximately 40 patrols per year of average one-week duration working on these six-acre (2.4 ha) smallholder rubber blocks. Further nurseries were established, stumps

distributed and new blocks surveyed for the owners to clear, particularly along the Ok Mart, a tributary of the lower Ok Tedi, as far as Senamrae village.

In July 1971 I attended a rubber production in-service training course conducted by regional rubber adviser Chris Arnold, at Mageri near Sogeri some twenty-five miles (forty km) inland from Port Moresby. RDO Peter Thompson, OIC Department of Agriculture Stock and Fisheries (DASF), Balimo was another attendee from the Western District. Accommodation for participants was at the Rouna Falls Hotel, frequented by many expats in those days. At course conclusion we knew how to implement smallholder rubber processing.

So I had the privilege of overseeing the first rubber processed in the Kiunga SD. This was at Drimdemasuk village, forty minutes upstream from the station. Initially, twelve blocks were tapped. Three bush material 'factories' and a smokehouse were constructed, the former housing rollers on benches. Processing equipment was purchased through the PNG Development Bank. Yours truly had the unenviable task of filling out the requisite application forms and, ultimately, the farm progress reports for each block. The first rubber sheets were produced in February 1972. Processing next commenced at Tumindemasuk and Mepu villages.

Smoked rubber sheets were formed into 100 lb (45 kg) bales which were transported to Kiunga by river truck or village canoe, then purchased by DASf and shipped out to Port Moresby for on-forwarding to Australia. A fascinating process all up and never



First sheet of latex Drimdemasuk village

did I imagine in my years growing up on a sheep/wheat farm at Harden in NSW would I one day be tapping rubber trees.

At the conclusion of my Kiunga posting, rubber blocks were present in thirty-eight villages, involved 581 growers, and totalled 1,900 acres planted, which included 176 acres mostly replanted following the 1972 bushfires.

Part Four of this series will be published in a following issue of *PNG KUNDU*. ♦



The PNGAA Collection

This consists of archival material on PNG—photographs, documents, maps, patrol reports, books—reflecting the lives and work of those who have lived in PNG. The PNGAA wishes to ensure these are readily available worldwide to our members, researchers or those simply interested in the rich history of Australia's relations with Papua New Guinea.

The collection grew from an idea of Mr Doug Parrish, former president of the association, and evolved over the years through the dedication and expertise of Dr Peter Cahill. From a modest collection of photographs, letters and diaries, the PNGAA Collection is now a fast-growing compilation and continues to attract local, national and international interest.

If you have items you would care to donate, or you would like to contribute towards the digitisation of items already in the collection, please contact Cheryl Marvell at collection@pngaa.net or 0438 636 132.

The Boluminski Highway

Continued from page 48

hospital. He had leg injuries but was otherwise OK. No thought of payback in those days.

At Namatanai we were 263 km from Kavieng and I stayed at Tong's, an old shutter-windowed guest house, sometimes for up to a week. This was a chance to meet other admin people and we swapped a lot of stories. We could get SP beer there, too. The local workers had separate accommodation and meals paid for out of a government voucher book. We used this as a base from which to support the road construction group on its big push to Uluputur and then join up the tracks up the west coast to finish on the east coast at Fangalawa.

While I was staying at Tong's and conducting repairs to an Allis Chalmers front-end loader at Kalom Plantation, an old man onlooker told of a B17 bomber in a nearby coconut grove. He led us to the site where we found the aircraft in three pieces. With tears in his eyes he said, 'We couldn't do much with the wounded crew, they all died and we buried them near the plane.' As a young boy he witnessed the aircraft hit by Japanese anti-aircraft fire, losing height and coming down among the trees. He was shocked to see so many young men in the crew. American officials came through and repatriated the remains. I took photos showing how well preserved the aircraft was.

The koronis highway was normally a village responsibility and the villagers were paid for filling pot holes and clearing away debris. PWD graded and rolled the road regularly. The graders and other machines then came from Great Britain via Burns Philp ships such as the MV *Rosebank*.



Japanese truck remains at Bolegila Plantation with Standfields' homestead in background

It was a strange job, invariably carried out at night, after general cargo had been discharged and copra and other produce loaded. This involved welcome overtime for me and the other staff. Lesser weighted machinery was carried as deck cargo. Heavier equipment was stowed in the hold mounted on wooden cradles with wheels strapped to the sides. Graders were lifted by the ship's derricks and suspended over the wharf. We unstrapped the wheels and took the wheel nuts from their tar-paper wrapping, careful not to lose them between the wharf timbers.

Occasionally, in these nights of tension and excitement, an assisting local mechanic accidentally kicked a few nuts into the water below: 'Sori tumas masta.' When this occurred I raced back to the depot to get some replacements, borrowed from an existing grader. Then the machine would be started and driven off to the depot. Those BP ships, their skippers and crews provided a welcome and efficient service.

It was mid-May 1969 that the District Works Officer, Allan Bell, announced a re-sheeting and grading program for the highway and also the construction of a road from Namatanai to Uluputur, and up the west coast linking up the plantation tracks and also to connect with Fangalawa on the east coast. I had a big job from early June that year when the PWD road construction group began the upgrade. With my staff we had to keep the following fleet of equipment serviceable: seven diesel road graders, three dozers with angle tilt blades and rear rippers, three front-end loaders, eighteen tipper trucks, three drawn vibrating road rollers, one Conquip articulated tractor crane, fourteen diesel, wheeled tractors with tipping trailers and one tractor-drawn self-loading scraper.

When I returned in 2011 the Boluminski had been sealed, but had deteriorated in lots of places due to lack of maintenance. Somehow, money dedicated to this project appeared to evaporate. Koronis surfaces are easy to maintain by using a grader. Pot holes in bitumen are a real problem if not attended to promptly. ♦

Bevynne Truss went to PNG in 1967 and spent later years on secondment to New Britain Palm Oil Limited (NBPOL).

The Boluminski Highway was named after Franz Boluminski, a district officer in the German New Guinea service 1910–14.



ANDREWS, Roy

d. 28 April 2021

Former kiap and co-operatives officer. A vale will appear in the September issue of *PNG KUNDU*.

BATEMAN, Commodore Samuel, AM, RAN

d. 18 October 2020, aged 82

Please see the tribute on page 39.

HOSKING, Jennifer May

d. 21 December 2020

Jennie Worssnam was born in England on 2 May 1946, and the family migrated to South Australia in 1950. She started school at Richmond Primary but changed to Woodlands Church of England Girls Grammar School at Glenelg to complete her schooling. After Woodlands Jennie went to the Metropolitan Business College. Her first employment, for three years, was in the Methodist Home Mission Department.



Jennie Hawkins

The recent history of Papua New Guinea is intimately bound up with the people who made PNG their home and, in many cases, their life's work—it is therefore fitting, but also with deep regret, that we record the passing of members and friends—please send any information by the Copy Deadline, 2 July 2021, to editor@pngaa.net

Jennie and Doug Hosking were engaged in April 1966, married two months later and two weeks after that they flew to Rabaul. Their daughter Belinda was born at Nonga Base Hospital in 1968. A highlight of their time there was the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Kent. Jennie went to three functions, needing three showers (PNG is very humid), new outfit, new hat and gloves for each. The night function was a reception for the Royal couple at the District Commissioner's Residency on Namanula Hill. Long frock and long gloves for Jennie, long-sleeved white shirt, bow-tie, cummerbund, long trousers for Doug (tropical formal outfit), what a splendid pair!

Another highlight was the annual George Brown Choir Day, George Brown being the first missionary to East New Britain. Choirs from many villages, some walking a couple of days to get to George Brown College to be judged Best Choir plus other categories. The finale was when all the choirs walked around the oval singing different songs in tonic solfa.

In Rabaul, Jennie worked for Mazda cars and was a representative for Coca Cola at one stage. I remember every Saturday morning having our malaria tablets washed down with a bottle of Coke!

From January 1971 to October 1975 the family lived in Kavieng.

Jennie started playing golf there. She also worked as personal assistant (PA) for the District Commissioner and the Education Department Superintendent while her last job there was managing the pharmacy.

The family returned to South Australia in February 1978 to live in Renmark. Their son, Paul, was born in February 1979.

After return to Australia Jennie developed a career as Student Support Officer and in the library of different schools around South Australia where Doug went as a minister of the Methodist church.

Wherever they went Jennie quickly became involved in local charity work. She was always very sporty too and her achievements in this area blossomed after she had a liver transplant in 1995. She became an active and very successful participant in Transplant Games around the world. Her last entry was in the Malaga Games in Spain in 2017, aged seventy-one, where she broke Transplant Games world records in sprint events.

The family was comforted by the many messages received after her death. They mentioned her courage and her generosity, her adventurous spirit and zest for life. She was a true champion of living life to the full and an inspiration to all with her adventurous, cheerful, resilient, creative spirit.

Belinda Smith

KEMSLEY, James Herbert
d. 1 October 2020, aged 96

James was born on 26 August 1924, and grew up mostly in Victoria, joining the Naval Auxiliary Patrol in Melbourne at its inaugural meeting in Melbourne in 1941. In 1943 he joined the 16th Army Small Ships and served at Lae, Finschhafen and Aitape. He then transferred to ANGAU Marine and served on vessels out of Oro Bay, Finschhafen, Madang, Port Moresby and ashore at Rabaul. In 1944 he was promoted to Staff Sergeant and sent to Rabaul a few days after the surrender.

After the war he worked at various jobs, including as a station hand on a property in Victoria's Mallee.

In 1946 he rejoined the army as an instructor and was asked by the Administration of Territory of Papua and New Guinea (TPNG) to command a TPNG patrol boat in 1948. He was stationed in the New Britain District but worked out of most Territory ports for the next ten years.

During this time, he was twice commended for work done in rescue operations, was the first to land on the Tuluman island volcano after it emerged from the sea and captured poachers in the Hermit islands. In 1956 he was appointed master of a new Fisheries Research vessel being built in Brisbane for TPNG Fisheries and sailed her to Port Moresby. He worked out of Madang during this time.

In 1962 he worked for the UN as an instructor in the British Solomon Islands, and in 1963 he returned to Australia and started work in the forestry industry. He then worked as an



James Kemsley

audiologist, until retirement. After he retired in the early 1980s he took up lecturing on cruise ships, developed a cartoon with the help of his son and a colleague based on his time in PNG, wrote a genealogical book on his family and was an active member of his local RSL.

James joined PNGAA on 18 November 1994. He sent his father's WWI diaries to the Association and stories from these were published in *Una Voce*, now *PNG Kundu*. There was also material relating to his visit to Rabaul on the centenary of the WWI action. The relevant websites for these stories are attached.

James Kemsley did many things in his life and was a father, gentleman, explorer, entrepreneur, tradesman, soldier, researcher, drover, professional fisherman, cartoonist, innovator, artist, writer, and a caring, kind person who was honest and loving with just the right amount of scallywag.

Stan Kemsley

<https://pngaa.org/how-and-when-new-guinea-was-won-and-the-loss-of-ae1-by-gpo-hh-kemsley/>
<https://pngaa.org/article/ww1-memorial-services-in-rabaul/>

LITTLER, Patricia (Trish)
d. 20 July 2020

Trish was born on 25 March 1931 into a strong Irish Catholic Labor family in Sydney, the eldest of four children.

She was an adventurous soul who loved life and lived it to the full. She studied teaching and said she learnt a lot at college, but mostly from the returned soldiers who livened up the debate in lectures. Trish, with a teaching degree in hand, headed off to Europe to see the world.

Her return trip to Australia was the start of a new adventure because during this she met her husband, Geoff. She eventually agreed to marry him in 1955. Then, it was off to PNG where they forged a lifelong love for the country and its people. Trish taught there, was a proficient golfer, became part of a choir, took up painting and loved a great party. In between these activities she managed to raise eight children (three singles, a set of twins and a set of triplets).

Following Independence in 1975 Trish decided that it was the time to leave PNG so, with much heartbreak, she and Geoff left the country and established themselves in Darwin. Once again, she threw herself into life in Darwin, teaching, playing tennis, squash and golf.

However, Geoff had a yen to become a farmer and bought an avocado property in Queensland. Although Trish was not impressed, she again rose to the occasion. She worked on the farm as chief packer, cook and bottle washer. She also became a valued member of the community and the power behind Geoff when he decided to stand for local council.

Trish contributed significantly to many different organisations in the community of Palmwoods. She joined the CWA and was president, treasurer and secretary for many years. She was universally liked and highly regarded by the membership, as she was as good at running the meetings as she was at baking and preparing the teas.

She was a founding president of the Nambour Zonta Club and was instrumental in pushing for the establishment of a skin bank in Queensland as the club's service project. She saw the need for a skin bank as paramount when, in 1994, members of the Palmwoods Rural Fire brigade were caught in a firestorm resulting in serious injury to two members and burns to at least two others. She successfully pushed for support of Zonta Clubs throughout south-east Queensland and northern NSW who adopted it as their district project and thus the Skin Bank was established in Queensland. On Australia Day 2008 she was recognised locally as a Citizen of the Year.

Trish was an active participant in Red Cross's annual collection and was a member of Inner Wheel Rotary and a hard worker on the Mary Murray Welfare Committee. She established an award for Year 7 students at Palmwoods State School to recognise exemplary social skills, based on attitude, manner, cooperation, responsibility and initiative. This came from Trish's need to do something for young people.

Trish was also a willing volunteer for her local parish and Progress Association.

It was with a heavy heart that

in 2017 Trish left Palmwoods and returned to Darwin to allow Geoff to be cared for by family as his health deteriorated. Even though it was not the best of times, Trish met the challenge head on and threw herself into life in Darwin. She again became an integral member of the community participating in the local parish, seniors' clubs, progress association, knitting natters and water aerobics.

Trish left an indelible mark wherever she went. Her spirit and zest for life will not be forgotten. She was truly a remarkable and much-loved woman and is greatly missed by her family.

Barbara Littler

Editor's Note: A vale for Geoff Littler appeared in *Una Voce*, March 2019

ORR, Robbie
d. 7 February 2020

Robbie Orr, who died on 7 February 2020, was well-known in his earlier years in Port Moresby as Mr Pepsi. He was born in Brisbane in 1928 and took up an early career as a fitter and turner/motor mechanic in the Air Force with No. 23 Squadron at Archerfield Aerodrome in Brisbane. In 1953 Robbie was selected to represent his Squadron as part of the Australian Contingent on HMAS *Sydney*, to attend the Coronation



Robbie Orr

of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II in London, England, on 2 June 1953.

Two years later, seeking greater employment challenges, Robbie headed north to the Territory of Papua and New Guinea, joining Burns Philp & Co. in Port Moresby, to commence a career that lasted several decades and saw him managing BP's softdrink business in Badili.

Robbie met his wife Heather in Port Moresby soon after his arrival in the Territory.

Robbie retired from BPs and in 1984 undertook a major investment and building project in downtown Port Moresby, with the establishment of Fairfax Apartments, which were completed two years later, and which set a new high-standard in luxury, high-rise apartments in the city.

With a keen interest in helping the community, Robbie joined the Rotary Club of Port Moresby in 1960, sponsored by Bill Johns, of SP Brewery and a Foundation Member of Rotary in PNG. Robbie served in various executive roles over his forty-seven years with the Rotary Club including Club Service Director, Club Secretary, and as President in 1982-83. During the official visit to PNG by HRH Prince Charles in 1984 to open the PNG National Parliament, Robbie officiated when Prince Charles opened the PNG Red Cross Special Education Centre, a project which Robbie was managing between the Rotary Club and the Red Cross. He also served in various executive capacities with both the Royal Papua Yacht Club (RPYC) and The Papua Club, and was widely

respected in the Port Moresby business community.

Robbie enjoyed his many years of service in Papua New Guinea and was a regular seafarer on Fairfax Harbour, with his 'Orchy 1 & 2' catamarans, along with life-long friend Sir Ray Thurecht of the RPYC. Robbie and Heather eventually retired to the Gold Coast of Queensland in Australia.

Gerry Peacock

STOCKER, Dr Geoff **d. 25 January 2021**

Born on 28 May 1941 and raised on a family dairy farm in the Hunter Valley NSW, Geoff earned a scholarship from Maitland Boys High, to commence his forestry degree at UNE, Armidale in 1959. He went next to the Australian Forestry School (AFS), Yarralumla ACT graduating with BSc (Forestry) UNE in 1963. During the first year at the AFS Geoff, along with half of that year's intake, spent six months at the 'Waldorf', uninsulated prefab hut. This was a character-building experience for all, that cemented enduring friendships.

Appointed to the Forestry and Timber Bureau at Berrimah NT, Geoff's early focus was on the establishment of tropical *Pinus* plantations on Melville Island and elsewhere in the top end. This involved early visits to central America in search of suitable alternative species of pine. He also supervised graduate students and through this was instrumental in documenting indigenous burning practices and fire dynamics in tropical landscapes.

Geoff married Jacquie, who was teaching in the Territory, in 1967. They moved to the Atherton



Dr Geoff Stocker

Tablelands, Qld in 1971 where Geoff established the Queensland Regional Station (QRS) of the national Forest Research Institute (FRI). Geoff and Jacquie purchased a 170-acre farm near Malanda, bred Droughtmaster cattle and introduced commercial grafted avocado plantations to the tablelands. They also developed an interest in the culture, breeding and production of tropical orchids and bromeliads. Geoff and Jacquie raised two wonderful daughters Lucy (born 1973) and Elise (1975) who have blessed them with six grandchildren.

While Principal Research Scientist and Head of QRS, which became CSIRO Tropical Forest Research Station in Atherton (1971–85), Geoff and his staff established Soils, Ecology and Botany research groups. This team researched the description and scientific investigation of Australia's tropical rainforests and related forest environments, in collaboration with the Queensland Department of Forestry research office, also in Atherton.

This research group had a series of long-term reference plots throughout northern Queensland. They focussed on

the scientific management of the region's tropical cabinet-wood species and Geoff's research and field experiments did much to define and delineate key species' regenerative responses to forest disturbance and as a basis for improved tropical silviculture of the region's valuable and ecologically complex forests.

He also actively engaged in discussion of the declaration of the Wet Tropics World Heritage Parks, registering his strong opposition to total protection as the only management option for the tropical rainforests. His was a strong voice for forest management and practical conservation. He championed the potential offered by small private growers of cabinet wood species to create a commercially viable niche industry and critical of State government's royalty policies that he viewed as not supportive of developing this potential.

Moving from CSIRO, Geoff extended his professional interests in Papua New Guinea, with appointment as Professor and Head of the Forestry School at University of Technology in Lae from 1989 to 1992, and as Director of the Forestry Research Institute, PNG from 1993 to 1996. He is well remembered by friends and colleagues there and the Senior Botanist, Kipiro Damas, indicated that they have discussed having Geoff's portrait framed and hung in their meeting room in his memory. Kipiro also noted that their botanists and ecologists will always remember him for introducing the sling shot (catapult) method of collecting botanical specimens from tall trees.

After his Forestry career Geoff redirected his love of the tropics and was elected to councils in both their local and regional manifestations between 2008 and 2016. He served as Deputy Mayor of the Tablelands Regional Council from 2014–16. He was highly respected by his local Tablelands community and championed the cause of improved planning of landscape management and support of rural industries within the region.

During 2020 he was still making submissions to, and giving evidence to, Senate inquiries. Geoff had a bloodwood (*Corymbia stockeri*) and two orchids (*Dendrobium stockeri* and *Bulbophyllum stockeri*) named in his honour—a fitting recognition of his love of botany, tropical forestry and tropical orchids. He left a legacy in a huge rockery that was landscaped into the surrounds of Geoff and Jacquie's Upper Barron home built in 2013—filled with orchids and tropical vireyas—as well as the impressive rainforest patches preserved or established and nurtured on their farm.

He was a quiet, unpretentious achiever who was much admired and respected for his wise counsel to his family, friends and colleagues. He was a valued mentor to many and the world is diminished with his passing ... But it is a far better place because he was here.

Editor's Note: This vale has been abstracted, with permission, from a vale published in *The Forester*, Feb/ March 2021.

WALKER, Marjorie Louise **d. 31 December 2020, age 84**

After training in Stawell, Ballarat and Melbourne, Marj qualified as

a secondary teacher in arts and crafts, junior maths and physical education. While primarily an arts teacher, she was nearly always also sports mistress, athletics or tennis coach. From 1957–64 she taught at Matthew Flinders Girls' High School, Geelong and thereafter maintained contact with that school. From 1965–67 she taught at an Anglican girls high school in Dodoma, Tanzania, preparing students for the Cambridge Overseas Certificate and co-ordinating women's athletics in the district. During 1968 she taught at St Gabriel's Girls' Grammar School in Charters Towers, Queensland.

Her PNG career began in 1969 with three years at Keravat High School. As head of department she promoted the concept of 'Expressive Arts' encompassing the visual arts, music and (together with the English department) drama and cultural studies. This grew from the realisation that in traditional societies these are not separate 'subjects' but are all blended in ceremonies.

In 1972 Marj became Head of



Marj Walker

Expressive Arts at Sogeri Senior (later National) High School and Curriculum Development Officer. Sogeri was the first school drawing Grade 10 leavers from all provinces (part of a program for forging national unity) teaching Grade 11 and 12 to university entrance level.

With Independence imminent a strong local culturally based unit was built into the curriculum, covering traditional and modern material. Being a brilliant dressmaker herself, Marj guided students to perform miracles with fabrics, paper and screen printing. Her department developed textile and music facilities, mounted exhibitions, published books, greeting cards and produced music cassettes popular all over PNG.

The school created a village of traditional houses from many provinces and a significant museum. Marj was also an effective mentor to younger staff. Throughout these years she travelled widely and presented at local and overseas conferences anywhere from Waigani to Montreal. Marj and the school worked closely with the government in the planning and execution of the Independence celebrations and the opening of the new Parliament House. On leaving PNG she received a personal letter of thanks from the Prime Minister and later the Recognition Award from the Governor-General for her contributions to the development of PNG.

Returning to Australia in 1986 Marj worked with Indigenous partners in and beyond Melbourne and in semi-

retirement remained active in the local art, Aboriginal and PNG communities. Until her death she was a moving force in a gallery and art and reconciliation friends group.

The Walker Family

WORCESTER, Jack William d. 16 January 2021

Jack, born on 28 December 1927, completed his secondary education at Caulfield Grammar when he was sixteen years old, qualifying for entry into Melbourne University. However, there was a minimum entry age of seventeen so he could not enrol.

He was employed briefly by the Brighton Council to deliver wages, in cash, to their workers. He was given a pistol to carry on his rounds. It was probably also about this time, too, that he owned a motorbike with running boards and a gearstick! By the time he was seventeen, he had settled to work as a cadet accountant at ICI, a chemical company in Melbourne. With reliable money in his pocket and the economic effects of the second world war, he never went to the university.

In his early twenties, he saw an advertisement for patrol officers in the Territory of Papua and New Guinea; he applied, successfully, and completed his training in 1950. In 1953 he married (Margaret) Rae Rickey, a charming, equally adventurous young lady from Perth he had met while on leave. The prospect of living so far from home in such isolation, with few home comforts, did not daunt her. She did concede that she was a little unsettled by the pairs of wide eyes

peering up through the cracks in the floor of their above-ground dwelling at their first posting.

They were the only white people in most postings, and sometimes the first white people the locals had seen. Three little boys were born over the next few years, all with blond hair and, going by photos, often wearing band-aids across their noses to thwart the sunburn! Learning *Pidgin* must have been challenging, initially, for Rae and Jack but their sons were surrounded by it.

Jack was away on patrol, sometimes for six weeks, usually less, but before children, these times were very lonely for Rae. Some postings were in particularly beautiful areas like New Ireland, and the family also lived at Bogia, on Karkar Island, and at Aiome, Wabag, Liagam, and Wapenamunda. Jack commented that he did not think there could be more stunning scenery than in parts of New Guinea.

Jack's role as a patrol officer was to establish law and order and better the lot of the people who were suffering from tribal fighting and a lack of nutrition, both of which needed continual addressing. So, he was advisor, counsellor, policeman, magistrate, jury and, thankfully, never executioner. From reading his patrol reports, Jack appears to have come up to the mark with maturity beyond his years. He had a sound sense of justice and an ability to recognise the rights and respect the beliefs of the primitive tribes he came across.

His three sons Christopher, Jeremy and Simon, had boarded

at Brisbane Boys College (BBC) and with Simon now at the end of secondary school years, the kiaps' time in TPNG came to an end. Jack had spent several years working at Port Moresby, and earlier in Madang and Rabaul, as a local government administrator.

The family returned to Australia in about 1974 to live in Brisbane where he continued working in the Public Service, with Australia Post, as Bursar at BBC and, finally, with Christopher who had become a builder.

Eventually, he retired to a life of golf and carpentry and enjoying the occasional drink. Jack and Rae moved to a high-rise on the Tweed golf course and then to a house at Bilambil Heights, where they lived happily until Rae's death from cancer in 2014. Two years later Jack sold and moved to Gilston to live with his son, Jeremy and Nette, his daughter-in-law.

After falling and breaking his shoulder on Christmas Day 2020, he reckoned the prospect of serious incapacity was indisputable and chose to launch, as he put it, three weeks later, having abandoned all hope of surviving until Easter.

Always lucid, his body wore out long before his mind. With a wonderful grasp of English and a recall of words and meanings unused since his school days, crosswords were rarely left unfinished. An even-natured gentleman, a gracious man of quiet competency he was endowed with an excellent sense of humour and an appreciation of wry wit.

Jeanette Worcester



MEMORIAL News

RABAU & MONTEVIDEO MARU SOCIETY

The Rabaul & Montevideo Maru Society was established in 2009 and integrated into the PNGAA in 2013.

The society encourages students and adults to explore the significance of WWII in the Papua New Guinea islands and what the start of the Pacific War in 1942 meant for Australia, including its worst maritime disaster—the sinking of MS Montevideo Maru on 1 July 1942.

If you have news for the members, please contact Andrea Williams on admin@memorial.org.au



Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Memorial

We have received a letter from the Director of the Australian War Memorial (AWM), Mr Matt Anderson. Mr Anderson wrote to give the PNGAA an update of the impact of the significant redevelopment of the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Memorial in which this organisation, obviously, is a key stakeholder.

It was necessary to remove the sculpture to storage in May 2021 to allow for the construction of the CEW Bean Building extension and new research centre. The AWM has also been in contact with the artist of the memorial, Mr James Perrett, to discuss the removal of the sculpture to storage. It is anticipated that the sculpture will be stored for over two years.

The PNGAA appreciates the advice and supports Mr Anderson and his team in this process.

The New Guinea Volunteer Rifles

Courageous civilian volunteers formed the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles (NGVR) in Rabaul, at the outbreak of WWII in Europe in 1939. They comprised planters, administration officers, merchants, traders, miners, schooner masters and various other members of the New Guinea community—all with an intimate knowledge of the territory and its inhabitants and who wanted to protect their homes and their families. In 1941 a group of equally courageous Chinese men formed their own unit, the Auxiliary Ambulance Detachment. It was these men who, together, led the defence of New Guinea in the Pacific War. Indigenous New Guineans were not sought by the NGVR. This was a policy decision taken by the Administrator. The Territorial Government had a responsibility to protect the people of New Guinea; using them as soldiers would be a last resort.

Initially raised as a militia unit the NGVR was activated for fulltime service following the Japanese landings in early 1942. On 22 January 1942 the NGVR, with an AIF group, formed A Company and were located on Vulcan Island beach in the most exposed position. At 2.30 am the grating of Japanese barges was heard on the beach. Dressed in black singlets and shorts the Japanese were not easy to see but, as George McLennan recalls in Ian Downs' book, *The New Guinea Volunteer Rifles*: '... came over in such numbers ...'

NGVR personnel then helped rescue survivors of Lark Force from Rabaul in February and March 1942. Between January and May 1942 the 500 men of the NGVR were the only armed force in the path between the Japanese forces and Port Moresby until the arrival of Kanga Force at Wau.

Many of these men were barred from the Australian regular army due to physical disability, nationality

requirements or had exceeded the age limit. They developed tactics and initiatives that became examples for professional commando units.

Many of these men played an extremely important role in the crucial years of the war. Many stayed on as Coastwatchers or gravitated to Special Duties under the Australian New Guinea Administrative Unit (ANGAU), the Far Eastern Liaison Office and 'Z' and 'M' Special Units.

Annual Montevideo Maru Memorial Service, Brisbane, 1 July 2021

The Papua New Guinea Volunteer Rifles (PNGVR) will be holding the annual Montevideo Maru Memorial service on Thursday, 1 July 2021 at the Brisbane Cenotaph. Contact Phil Ainsworth (Email: p.ainsworth@kingco.com.au—Mobile 0418 730 348) for further information. Please also keep in contact through the Rabaul and Montevideo Maru Facebook Page and Group for updates.

Anzac Day, 2021—Rabaul

Susie McGrade reports: Volcano eruptions, earthquakes, flooding, COVID, riots, the Rabaul Historical Society continues with its annual Anzac Dawn Service in memory of all those who made the ultimate sacrifice ...followed by the traditional Gunfire Breakfast at the Rabaul Yacht Club and the bottle of Bundaberg rum. No two-up occurred but, since it was a Sunday, a few extra libations and good old yarns continued through the day.

I am so proud of the old guard that keep turning up. Especially grateful to Rory Stewart for the early set up and the cleaning of the Rabaul Cenotaph, and grass cutting of the surrounds; and to David Flinn as MC and the Rabaul Hotel team who light the bamboo flames down Mango Avenue and, of course, the eternal flame. Also, special thanks to Father Matte from St Francis Xavier who officiated, and Albert Konie for the

Dawn Ceremony at Rabaul Cenotaph
(Courtesy Russell Deka)



keynote address on 'The Role of the Commonwealth', as well as the guitar players and singers; Willie Flinn who read the poem, Chris Flinn, Johnson Lyons, Ryan Kuckey who were on flag duty and Lilly Blake on the PA; and to the staff of the Rabaul Yacht Club who put on the gunfire breakfast. Thank you to all. Always a big effort by a small group—not always perfectly actioned, but very important nevertheless.

Last Post Ceremony, 1 July 2021, Australian War Memorial Canberra

On 1 July 2021 the Last Post Ceremony at the Australian War Memorial, Canberra, will commemorate the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles and Corporal George William Spensley NGX490 (pictured).



Currently the Last Post Ceremony is a ticketed event due to COVID-19 and the tickets become available approximately a month in advance. All are welcome to attend.

Please advise admin@memorial.org.au if you are attending this event so that tickets can be booked as a group, and you will be kept informed of any details. Please email names of all those attending, email address, home address including post code, mobile or home phone contact and if you would like to lay a wreath. Alternatively, tickets can be booked via the Memorial's website: <https://www.awm.gov.au/visit>

The tickets do not need to be printed/presented. Those who are registered just need to let staff know their name on arrival at the AWM. It is also a requirement in the ACT to check in using the 'Check-in CBR' app. If attendees do not have the app, AWM staff can assist at the front entrance to the memorial.

George William Spensley's name will also be projected onto the exterior of the Hall of Memory on Monday, 12 July 2021 at 1.44 am; Monday, 4 October 2021 at 12.24 am; Wednesday, 12 January 2022 at 2.39 am.

These dates and times are estimates. The actual time of projection could also change as a result of weather, etc., so it is advisable to check closer to the date: <https://www.awm.gov.au/collection/R1696746>

Barney Cain Remembers ...

The following is an extract from an article written by Claire Hunter and first published by the Australian War Memorial on 2 November 2020. It is the heartbreaking story of an incredibly neglected event in Australian and PNG history, the Fall of Rabaul—and the heartwarming tale of an Escape from Rabaul through the eyes of survivor Barney Cain.

'Feet, do your duty'—Centenarian Barney Cain escaped from the Japanese when they successfully attacked Rabaul in January 1942.

Born in Rye, Victoria, on 6 June 1920 Barney joined the Army on his twentieth birthday. In April 1941, he was sent to Rabaul on the north coast of New Britain as part of Lark Force where he served as a gunner with the 17th Anti-Tank Battery.

The 1,400-strong Lark Force was under-resourced and under-prepared, and could only offer token resistance.

When Barney Cain heard Japanese bombers flying over Rabaul, he thought he was going to die.

When the Japanese landed at Rabaul on 23 January 1942, the small Australian garrison was quickly overwhelmed and, within a few hours, most of its troops, including six army nurses, [together with seven Australian Government nurses, four Australian mission nurses and one Australian plantation owner] were captured. Whilst more than 800 members of Lark Force were taken prisoner by the Japanese, about 400 troops, including Barney, evaded capture.

Barney was one of the lucky ones. Having just rejoined his unit after being discharged from hospital the week before, he escaped to the south side of the island. Barney recalls:

By that time we were running from the Japanese and you had one thing on your mind—feet, do your duty. I was a driver for a lieutenant who was in charge of one of the troops.

We were down near the Vulcan, a volcano that went up in 1937, when the Japanese landed. They landed in the dark, just down from us, at about 3 o'clock in the morning, and when it just came daylight, he said to me, 'You'd better take the ute up to the top.' It was steep and slippery, and we didn't know what had happened up there, so I went up there to have a look, but he never turned up.

Eventually, some of the New Guinean Volunteer Rifles came up the hill, and I asked them where the anti-tank blokes were. They said, 'There's no one there,' so



Barney Cain, served as a gunner with the 17th Anti-Tank Battery.

eventually we put them on a truck and we landed at what we called the Upper Drome.

That's where everybody was heading, and there was an officer there, Mad Mick, screaming out. He was the 2/22nd major, and he was yelling, 'It's all over, it's every man for himself,' which was great news to us; we'd had orders—you fight to the last, there's no surrender, and all this.

Barney spent the next three and a half months evading the Japanese, crossing rivers, and trekking through the rugged mountains and jungles of New Britain in a desperate attempt to escape. In the ensuing days, groups from the 2/22nd Battalion, ranging from company-strength down to pairs and individuals, desperately tried to escape along New Britain's north and south coasts. Some found small boats and got away under their own auspices, while others were picked up by larger vessels operating from New Guinea.

We were strafed and everything trying to get out, I finished up at Tol Plantation, and I was there when the Japs landed there too.

One hundred and sixty Australians would be massacred at Tol, their bodies left in the jungle.

Barney remembers the moment the Japanese arrived as if it was yesterday:

There were a lot of troops there, all in these small parties, and a Major Bill Owen was organising to get everyone over to the other side of the river. The natives were going to ferry us across in canoes, and around the corner came these barges.

Someone said, 'They've come to rescue us,' but I had a pair of binoculars, and I won't tell you what I said first.

I said, 'No, they're Japanese,' ... They started firing—I think they were mortars—and it scattered the natives, so they abandoned us, and took off in the canoes.

Men were captured as they tried to escape from the plantation, others were captured when they were unable to cross the rivers in the area, and at least one

group surrendered. The prisoners of war were tied together in groups of two or three. They were asked in sign language by the Japanese if they preferred to be shot or bayoneted and were then taken into the jungle where they were shot, bayoneted or burnt alive.

Barney's party had managed to escape when the Japanese arrived.

'There were about sixteen in my party, and half of them took off, and headed up river,' he said.

Using canoes, the men made it across the river, and were walking across an open area when they saw two barges leaving from the other side of Wide Bay.

There were only about eight of us left by then, and one of the other blokes said, 'They're taking prisoners back to Rabaul,' and then—boom, boom, again—they shot at us.

They were not taking prisoners back; they were heading over to our side, but then they swung off, and headed off further up the bay, so we took off up into the hills and stayed there overnight.

The next day, we came out, and we headed off, but we never saw a Jap or anything. We made sure we didn't.

The Japs were patrolling in that area, and any noises we heard, we got out of the road, and headed up in to the hills. They could have been Jap troops, or not, but they'd been into the village there, and the village didn't want to have one bit to do with us.

The men pushed on to a village where the villagers sheltered them for the night, and eventually made it to Pal Mal Mal at Jacquinot Bay.

Father Ted Harris, a Roman Catholic priest who ran the Mal Mal Catholic Mission, did everything he could to help the Australian troops who stumbled in from the jungle, giving them food, shelter and

medicine as they hid from the Japanese at the Drwina and Wunung plantations.

By April 1942, 156 Australian soldiers and civilians had escaped to the Pal Mal Mal area after fleeing Rabaul. They were eventually rescued and evacuated to Port Moresby on board HMAS *Laurabada*.

The Japs had started to build up in front of us at Gasmata, so we were blocked; we couldn't go any further, and we couldn't go back – we were stuck there,' Barney said.

And that's where they were trying to get in touch with Moresby. They had a wireless, but they couldn't reach Moresby with it.

Some of the other blokes had got off on the north side of the island, but we were stuck on the south side.

Two Australians—I think they were officers—and two natives volunteered, and came across in a yacht and found us, or found the Pal Mal Mal area.

*There were quite a few of us, and they sent back word of how many troops were there, and they sent the *Laurabada* to come and pick us up.*

His body wracked with malaria and dysentery, Barney walked from Drina River back to Pal Mal Mal to board the *Laurabada*.

I reckon I had at most a fortnight to live, but I made it back to Pal Mal Mal, and we got on that boat, and we landed in Moresby.

*We got on the *Macdhui*, which was a boat that used to do the island trade [to go to Townsville], and I had a pair of shorts on, and that was all I had. I had no boots, and we got on, and—dong, dong, dong, dong—everybody started heading for the dining room.*

It was the bell for dressing for dinner, but we'd been three months in the jungle in the same clothes all the time, or what was left of them. We hadn't had a feed in months, and they plonked a loaf of bread on the table for the steward to open. When they came back, we asked if we could have another loaf of bread to eat, and the steward said, 'You're lucky, there's roast turkey tonight.'

Barney will never forget those who helped him during his three and a half months evading the Japanese in the mountains and jungles of New Britain. Father Harris, the man who had helped so many at Pal Mal Mal, was later taken by the Japanese and executed at sea. His body was dumped overboard and eventually washed up on the shore. The Japanese would not allow the locals to bury his body which eventually washed out to sea. A memorial, provided by grateful survivors of the 2/22nd Battalion, was erected on the beach after the war with the simple inscription: 'I was sick and you visited me.'

<https://www.awm.gov.au/articles/blog/second-world-war-veteran-barney-cain>

WWII New Guinea Islands Education Package

The study notes under the Education tab of the Rabaul & Montevideo Maru Memorial website have been reviewed and website links updated by Patrick Bourke. This regular checking and updating is appreciated to ensure that students receive maximum benefit. We encourage all members to offer this education package to their local school, and to let us know at admin@memorial.org.au if you do.



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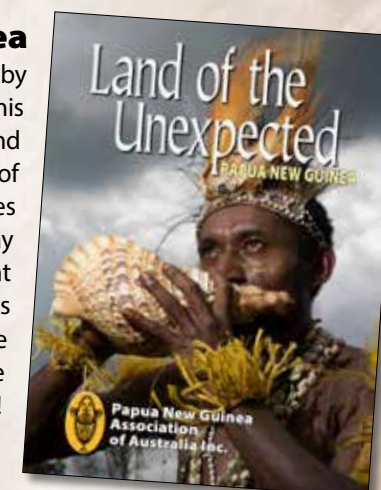
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WHEN THE WAR CAME: New Guinea Islands 1942

Published in 2017 by PNGAA to commemorate the 75th Anniversary of the Fall of Rabaul and the sinking of *MS Montevideo Maru*, Australia's greatest maritime disaster, tells the stories of the civilian and military men, women and children caught in the leadup and aftermath of the Japanese invasion and occupation of the New Guinea Islands in 1942.

The book brings into focus the actions and characters of young men who left home to willingly serve their country, and then literally vanished off the face of the earth; of nurses and missionaries who volunteered to stay to help both the war effort and the local people; and of civilians—both men and women—caught at home on WWII's Pacific front line. Alongside are incredulous stories of escape and survival in an environment that threw every obstacle in their path.

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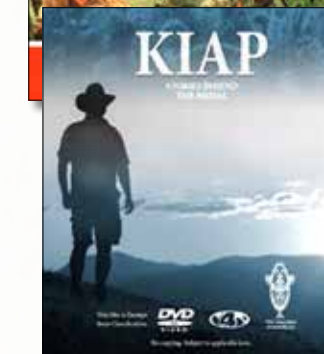
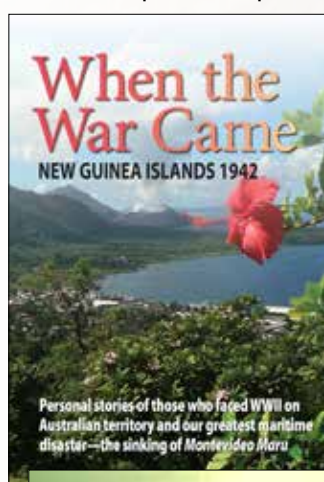
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PRINCE PHILIP, DUKE OF EDINBURGH, Royal Chief of the Order of Logohu in Papua New Guinea

PRINCE PHILIP, Duke of Edinburgh, Earl of Merioneth, Baron Greenwich, husband of Queen Elizabeth II—Papua New Guinea's Head of State, died on 9 April 2021, at age ninety-nine. He was the longest-serving consort in British history.

He was born in Corfu, Greece on 10 June 1921—his father was Prince Andrew of Greece and Denmark, and his mother was Princess Alice of Battenberg, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and elder sister of Lord Louis Mountbatten. Reared chiefly in Great Britain, Philip was educated at Gordonstoun School, Scotland, and at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. From January 1940 to the end of World War II, he served with the Royal Navy in combat in the Mediterranean and the Pacific.

He met his distant cousin, Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of King George VI, when she was thirteen and they married eight years later in Westminster Abbey in 1947. The couple went on to have four children—Prince Charles, Princess Anne, Prince Andrew and Prince Edward. Philip continued on active service with the Royal Navy, until Elizabeth's accession to the throne in 1952, from which time he shared her official and public life.

But he devoted many hours to supporting British institutions and was a passionate advocate for the environment. His outstanding legacy, the Duke of Edinburgh's Award, which he founded in 1956, honours achievements of young people around the world, and he remained actively engaged in the Award's activities until the end.

However, his outspoken views, the public expression of which he sometimes found hard to resist, occasionally embarrassed a monarchy trying to put aside its traditional image. But, if it bothered Queen Elizabeth, she never let on—Philip was her closest companion and confidant and one of the last links to her life before the throne.

The Duke of Edinburgh, always a great friend to Papua New Guinea, visited in 1956 and 1971, accompanied the Queen on royal visits in 1974, and again in 1977 during her Silver Jubilee tour, when they travelled to Port Moresby, Popondetta and Alotau. They visited again in October 1982.

He was awarded the Royal Chief of the Order of Logohu in Papua New Guinea in 2005, and announced his retirement from public duties in 2017.

On behalf of our members, the PNGAA extends our deepest sympathies and condolences to Her Majesty and the Royal Family.

1. Prince Philip inspecting the Royal Papua and New Guinea Constabulary Contingent, during the Queen Elizabeth II's Coronation Parade, London, 1953
2. Prince Philip with Deputy District Commissioner Len Aisbett (left) at Mt Hagen, 1971
3. Queen Elizabeth II, Prince Philip, Prince Charles and Princess Anne driving past a group of Asaro Mudmen at Goroka Showground, 1974
4. Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, arriving at Port Moresby Airport, with Governor-General Tore Lokoloko, 1982
5. Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, at the Sir Hubert Murray Stadium, Port Moresby, during their royal visit in 1982



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